

BACONIANA

VOL. XXVII.

No. 106.

JAN., 1943.

THE FIRST BACONIAN.

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(Reprinted from *Baconiana*, Feb. 1933.)

FOR many years the authorship of the "Shakespeare" literature aroused no interest, and the few who knew the secret kept silence. The Elizabethan period produced several playwrights of note, and the transcendent qualities of the master mind were beyond the grasp of all except a small group of highly cultured men of letters.

Samuel Pepys, a shrewd critic and an admirer of "Shakespeare," born nine years after the appearance of the First Folio, wrote that he had read *Othello* "which I ever esteemed a mighty good play; but, he significantly added, "after having so lately read '*the Adventures of Five Houres*,' it seems a mean thing." Posterity formed a different opinion; but many other persons in Pepys's day probably had as little sense of values as the diarist.

Ben Jonson's apparently contradictory views have supplied much blank ammunition to Stratfordians, though they can easily be explained. When the bright new light rose on the horizon, he seems to have discerned a dangerous rival, and was moved either to scorn or to pettifogging cavils. From an "epigram" published in the year of Shakspeare's death, but written some time before, he appears to have reached the conclusion that the player was but a broker of other men's goods, and passed off others' works as his own. His words bear no other meaning:

"Poor Poet Ape, that would be thought our chief,
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
From brokage is become so bold a thief—
As we, the robbed, leave rage and pity it."

The "epigram" goes on to say that the broker had "now grown to a little wealth and credit on the scene."

In *Every Man out of his Humour* Jonson presented Shakspeare as Sogliardo, son of a farmer, "an essential clown," who is made to say:

"I have been so toiled among the harrots yonder, you will not believe, they do speak in the strangest language and give a man the hardest terms that you ever knew. . . . I' faith I thank God I can write myself a gentleman now; here's my patent; it cost me thirty pounds by this breath."

It was in 1597 that John Shakspeare, or Shagspere, obtained a coat of arms from the "harrots" (heralds) after much misrepresentation, and the identification appears complete.

Jonson, however, came to work with Bacon, and assisted in bringing out the First Folio. The magnificent panegyric introducing

the collected Plays is admitted by Stratfordians to be his work. The "Poor Poet Ape," from being a "thief" had become "THE AUTHOR" of whom Jonson could say

"Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughtie Rome
Sent forth, on since did from their ashes come."

Jonson had discovered the secret, and this phrase, borrowed from Seneca the Elder, exactly fits the immortal works which alone stand comparison with the ancient classics to-day. Knowing the truth, he felt constrained to write in his "Discoveries" after the death of THE AUTHOR that Bacon also "has filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred to insolent Greece or haughtie Rome." Both were in fact "the acme" of our language.

In his "Scriptorum Catalogus," Jonson gave a list of the great writers and orators of his time, placing Bacon at the head and omitting the dramatist described as the "Soul of the Age" in the First Folio. After this, his apparently inconsistent statements, especially those in his rambling "de Shakespeare Nostrati," found among his papers after his death in 1637, cannot be taken seriously. He knew and had proved that he knew the authorship.

Contemporary allusions to the Plays are not many and can mean only acquiescence—conscious or not—in a pseudonym, just as the reading public accepted George Eliot and did not trouble about the real name of the authoress. The greatest writers and thinkers of the age—including Bacon, Sidney, Pembroke, Raleigh, Cecil, Walsingham, Selden, Wootton and Donne—left no allusion to the "Starre of Poets." Some may have known the secret; but the inference is that, in their day, the "Shakespearean" literature had not attained the pinnacle of honour which Bacon, well understanding, said would be forthcoming from "mine own countrymen after some time be passed."

His devoted chaplain, Rawley, collected thirty-two tributes published by scholars of the day after his death. Of these revealing testimonials, twenty-seven dealt with the outstanding poetic genius of the dead master. As Mr. R. L. Eagle justly claimed,

"Here is undisputed contemporary evidence that Bacon was known to his intimates as the greatest of all poets and dramatists."
(*Shakespeare, New Views for Old*, 1930).

In the 18th and 19th centuries, the Myth grew to formidable proportions. As Bacon had written: "We also see the Reign or Tyranny of Custom, what it is." The curious "Custom" of attributing to an uneducated rustic such a polished classical poem as *Venus and Adonis*, written a few years after leaving his illiterate family, grew into "Tyranny," which, being quickly entrenched behind a barricade of vested interests, seemed to be impregnable when Barnum had discovered the "Birthplace" and made it world-famous. The fortification remained—we believed—unchallenged until it dawned upon Mr. Joseph Hart, American Consul at Santa Cruz in 1848, the

year of my birth, that the money-lending actor could not have been THE AUTHOR. Poor Delia Bacon followed, and her life, spent in an unequal struggle with obscurantism, ended in tragedy; but a torch was lighted at last which burns fiercely to-day.

We now know, however, that Mr. Hart was not the first champion of the truth, and that he was anticipated by an Englishman, the Rev. J. Wilmot, D.D., Rector of Barton-on-the-Heath, a little village a few miles north of Stratford, who, about 1785, not only dethroned the singularly unattractive imposter, but rediscovered THE AUTHOR.*

In the *Times Literary Supplement* of 25th February, 1932, Professor Allardyce Nicoll tells a story which should profoundly interest every Baconian student. Just before his death, Sir E. Durning Lawrence obtained and bequeathed to the London University a "thin quarto volume," containing in manuscript the text of an address entitled "Some reflections on the life of William Shakespeare," read before the Ipswich Philosophical Society by James Corton Cowell on 7th February, 1805.

Mr. Cowell had a terrible confession to make to the Suffolk philosophers, who were naturally horrified. He had promised:

"during the session of 1803 to read a paper on the genius of the poets Shakespeare and Milton. . . . I undertook the task of enlarging yet further on the Life of Shakespeare."

But, unfortunately, he found himself in a

"Strange pass . . . a Pervert, nay a Renegade to the faith I have proclaimed and avowed before you. . . . prepared to hear from you, as I unfold my strange and surprising story, cries of disapproval and even of execration."

What had happened was that, when searching for material for the promised address, he, like many later investigators, discovered—nothing.

"Everywhere was I met by a strange and perplexing silence."

This would not have mattered, and Sir Sidney Lee was to prove later that a large volume could be written with the most scanty and unsatisfactory material; but much worse lay behind. He had come across "an ingenious gentleman" of the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon, who had an "explanation" of the hopeless want of evidence

*A curious book entitled "The Life and Adventures of Common Sense: an Historical Allegory," was published anonymously in 1769, which introduces a character called "Wisdom," obviously Bacon, who "made an acquaintance with a person belonging to the Playhouse," who "was a profligate in his youth and some say a *Deerstealer*." "Wisdom" had a "Common Place Book" containing "rules on the combinations and connections upon every subject or occasion that might arise in dramatic writing." Thus equipped "the person" commenced Play-writing, and "his name was Shakespeare!" The author of this book, who had—like Jonson—discovered that "Shakespeare" was a wholesale plagiarist, though he credits the impostor with "good parts," was supposed on little evidence to be a physician named Herbert Lawrence.

"that is so startling that it is easy to understand his timidity in putting it forth boldly, and I share his reticence. My Friend has a story, which he supports with much ingenuity, that the real author of the Plays attributed to Shakespeare was Sir Francis Bacon.

This announcement must have fallen as a bolt from the blue upon the assembled philosophers, and something like a row seems to have followed. Cowell, however, undertook, under a solemn vow of secrecy, to divulge the name of the "ingenious gentlemen" who had made him "a Pervert, nay a Renegade," and he was able to give an interesting account of the origin of the heresy at which the orthodox Society stood aghast. He told them that

"Dr. Wilmot does not venture to say definitely that Sir Francis Bacon was the author; but, through his great knowledge of the works of that writer, he is able to prepare a cap which fits him amazingly."

The learned Rector of Barton-on-the-Heath, then an octogenarian, had been struck some years earlier by the allusion to the circulation of the blood in *Coriolanus*. He had noted that Biron, Dumain and Longaville in *Love's Labour's Lost* (the first play attributed to the actor) were "the names of the ministers" at the Court of Navarre when Anthony Bacon resided there and would certainly be unknown in the rather exceptionally backward town of Stratford, or in the sordid purlieu of an Elizabethan theatre. Realising, as should any literary man, that the author must have had a large and very valuable library, Dr. Wilmot proceeded to search for specimens and

"covered himself with the dust of every private bookcase for 50 miles round" Stratford, naturally without any result. Imbued, like Dr. Hotson, with the true spirit of research, he diligently collected all the traditions regarding Shakspeare or Shagspere and his contemporaries that were then available. He thus came across a legend of

"a certain man of extreme ugliness and tallness, who Blackmailed the Farmers under threat of bewitching their cattle."

There was also the usual legend of some exploit of the devil with other stories still lingering by the banks of the Avon. Dr. Wilmot seems to have been impressed by the absence of all such local colour in the Plays, and Professor Nicoll, who evidently has no knowledge of the now huge volume of Baconian research, naively remarks in this connection that:

"Wilmot's method of argumentation thus seems to have differed little from the methods employed by his followers."

Why should they differ, and how could Baconians avoid "argumentation" based on the fact that the Plays contain no allusion to the only bit of countryside that the actor could have known well, while they refer 23 times to St. Albans which there is no reason to suppose he ever saw?

Of Cowell and the Philosophical Society no more transpires. The secret must have been kept, and we might never have heard of the first Baconian if this revolutionary address had not been preserved; but a tragedy followed, during "the very year" when the "renegade"

was incurring "execration," Dr. Wilmot, who had never dared to come out into the open and may have feared a storm as the result of Cowell's revelations, suddenly burned all his Shakespearean papers, and his studies and researches towards the end of the 18th century were irretrievably lost. The "Tyranny" had prevailed, and the truth dropped back to the bottom of the well, there to remain for more than 50 years.

As for Dr. Wilmot, Professor Nicoll refers to his Life by his niece, published in 1813, which shows him to have been born at Warwick in 1726, just one hundred years after Bacon's death. The writer claims for him the authorship of the Letters of Junius, and while recording nothing about his Shakespearean studies, states that her uncle placed "Lord Bacon's works" in her hands "at a very early age and desired her to read his Essays very frequently."

From the little we know of his researches, his papers having been unhappily destroyed in fear of the "Tyranny," it appears that, apart from the realisation of the want of local colour in the Plays, he was profoundly impressed by the close similarity in form and thought of the "Shakespeare" and the avowed Baconian literature. Like Mr. Gerald Massey, more than a century later, Dr. Wilmot saw clearly that:

"The Philosophical writings of Bacon are suffused and saturated with Shakespeare's thought. . . . These likenesses of thought and expression are mainly confined to these two contemporaries. It may be admitted that one must have copied the other!"

It is certainly a portentous fact that two men living at the same time should have possessed all the knowledge then available, should have used the same words and modes of expression, and should have freely copied from each other without leaving a scintilla of evidence that they ever met.

Dr. Wilmot may not have known the existence of Bacon's "Promus" of which "Shakespeare" was a wholesale plagiarist, or of the devastating "Northumberland Manuscript," which Stratfordians have either never heard of or discreetly ignore. He may, however, have been aware that the bust at Stratford was completely changed in 1748 to represent a personage with a hirsute appendage never discovered on an Englishman of his period. He noted the tell-tale allusion to the circulation of the blood; but he probably did not know that Harvey was Bacon's physician. Whether he discovered that an expert in cyphers had written his name liberally in places where it might be observed, or whether he had come across the fine allegorical engravings, designed with evident purpose to accompany some of Bacon's works, we cannot know. Most of the huge volume of recent Baconian research of which the "Tyranny of Custom" robs the dupes of the Myth, became available a century too late for his guidance; but a strong literary sense led him to the truth.

Baconians must in the future hold the memory of Dr. Wilmot—their venerable forerunner of the 18th century—in special honour.

BACON, SHAKESPEARE, and PROVERBS XXV, 26

By W. S. MELSOME, M.A.

WITH two exceptions there is no verse in the Bible which goes farther towards proving that Bacon had a hand in the production of Richard II than Proverbs XXV, 26.

In the Advancement of Learning (II, 23, 6—1605) and again in the De Augmentis (VIII, II—1623) he writes:

"Fons turbatus PEDE, et vena corrupta, est justus cadens coram impio" (A just man falling before the wicked is like a troubled fountain and a corrupted spring);

but in his Essay of Judicature he omits PEDE and adds something of his own:

"So saith Solomon, "Fons turbatus et vena corrupta est justus cadens in causa sua coram adversario" " (A just man falling before his adversary in his own cause is, etc.)

In Measure for Measure we find Shakespeare making use of of both forms. The duke allows Angelo to be a judge *in causa sua* ("Be you judge of your own cause,"—V, 1, 167) and soon after pulls him down both *coram adversario* (Isabel) and *coram impio* (the wicked citizens of Vienna, "Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble till it o'er-run the stew"—V, 1, 320).

When Bacon omits PEDE he deals with the law; but when he does not he deals with the mud in the fountain stirred by the feet of cattle.

In Richard II (V, 3) there is a speech of eight lines by Bolingbroke followed by one of seven lines by York. The first brings in the muddy part, and the second the legal part:

Bolingbroke.

A	{	O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy!
		O loyal father of a treacherous son!
		Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain,
		From whence the stream, through MUDDY passages,
		Hath HAD his current, and defiled himself!
B	{	Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
		And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
		This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York.

- B { So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
 And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
 As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
 Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
 Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies:
- A { Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
 The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

The lines in the A brackets are derived from Bacon's explanation of Proverbs XXV, 26, and those in the B brackets are derived from his explanation of Proverbs XII, 10. Each man is, therefore, drawing from the same two proverbs, A and B. The one begins with A and ends with B; and the other begins with B and ends with A, so that each man is running the same two proverbs together, like a pair of horses in double harness.

It is clear that Bolingbroke, in his last two lines, is arguing in favour of mercy; and it is equally clear that York in his first line is arguing against it. How, then, can each man draw upon the same proverb; the one to argue for, and the other to argue against? It is because Bacon and Shakespeare, out of more than 30,000 verses in the Bible, picked out Proverbs XII, 10, as being the only one that argues for and against mercy; and this is Bacon's version of it: "*Justus miseretur animae jumentum sui; sed misericordiae impiorum crudeles*" (A just man is merciful to the life of his beast; but the mercies of the wicked are cruel. De Aug., VIII, II, parabola 14), which we shall come to later.

First, let us examine Bacon's legal explanation of Proverbs XXV, 26, which for convenience may be split into three parts: X, Y and Z.

X.

Bacon

"This parable teaches that the passing of an unjust and scandalous sentence in any grave and weighty cause is above all things to be avoided in a state; especially where not only is the guilty acquitted but the innocent condemned." (De Aug., VIII, II, parabola 25.)

There are four examples of this in the plays. In Richard II (V, 3) York and Bolingbroke are discussing a cause of life and death, which is indeed a grave and weighty cause. York wishes Bolingbroke to pass a just sentence upon Rutland, the traitor, because

Shak.

"Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath.
 The traitor lives, the true man's put to death."

And what is this but the acquittal of the guilty and the condemnation of the innocent?

Y.

Bacon "*Particular injuries passing unpunished do indeed trouble and pollute the clear waters of justice, but only in the streamlets; whereas unjust and great public sentences such as we spoke of, which are afterwards drawn into precedents (a quibus exempla petuntur) infect and defile the very fountain of justice*";

and if you infect and defile the fountain you also infect the streams that flow from that fountain, because

Shak. "'Twill be recorded for a precedent
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state.'" (Merch., IV, 1, 220.)

This is Portia's answer to Bassanio, who has just put Jason's proposition before her in "a grave and weighty cause":

Bacon "*Jason of Thessalia used to say, some things must be done unjustly, that many more may be done justly. But the answer is ready,—Present justice is in our power, but of future justice we have no security: let men pursue those things which are good and just at present, and leave futurity to Divine providence.*" (De Aug., VII, II.)

Bassanio to Portia:

Shak. "'Wrest once the law to your authority;
To do a great right do a little wrong.'" (Merch., IV, 1, 215.)

Portia to Bassanio:

Shak. "'It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;"
for when once the law has been fixed and established and exposed to public view "*no court of equity should have the right to decree contrary to a statute under any pretext of equity*

Bacon *whatever, otherwise the judge would become a legislator, and have all things dependent upon his will.*" (De Aug., VIII, III, 44);

Shak. "'Bidding the law make court'sy to (his) will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite.'" (Meas., II, 4, 175.)

So in Henry VIII:

Henry "'We must not rend our subjects from our laws
And stick them in our will.'" (H8, I, 2, 93);
Bidding the law make court'sy to (our) will:

Henry "'Have you a precedent of this commission? I believe not any."

Very well, then, as Portia says,

"'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state."

And from this we conclude that an unjust law is a disease in a state "like to infection," just as Bacon says:

"Envy is a disease in a state like to infection."

(Essay 9—1625.)

Z.

The last words of Bacon's legal explanation of Proverbs XXV, 26, are:

Bacon

"For when once the court goes on the side of injustice the law becomes a public robber and one man simply a wolf to another."

because

Shak.

*"Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves."*

(Meas., II, 2, 176.)

It would seem that Bacon had the remarkable faculty of scattering his opinions about in the plays, like the loose pieces of a jig-saw puzzle; so that if you take a passage from his prose, you must have the plays spread out before you, like a map of the counties of England, and pick out your pieces and put them into their proper places so as to make a continuous narrative. Of the pieces picked out above, the first is an example of 'X'; the second is a reason for 'Y,' and the third is a reason for 'Z'; and these pieces are all selected from those parts of the plays where a discussion or argument is proceeding about "a grave and weighty cause": a cause of life and death. The gravity of the discussion between Isabel and Angelo is seen in this one sentence:

"O let her brother live,"

then follows,

*"Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves."*

We now come to the muddy part of Proverbs XXV, 26.

If a just man falling before the wicked is like a troubled fountain and a corrupted spring, his mind must be muddy and unsettled; for when cattle come to drink from a pond that feeds a stream their feet stir up the mud, which in turn infects and corrupts the stream, and this is the origin of "*Fons turbatus PEDE et vena corrupta*" of Proverbs XXV, 26.

Bacon, as his manner was ever to teach and instruct by analogies, applies the figure of the fountain and stream to laws and to men; for as there are in nature certain fountains whence all currents of water are derived but as streams; so he says,

There are in nature certain fountains of justice whence all civil laws are derived but as streams." (Adv. II, 23, 49.)

Again, he thought that there were certain fountains whence all men were derived but as streams:—

"O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain!

From whence this stream, through MUDDY passages,
Hath HAD his current, and defil'd himself!"

(R2, V, 3, 64.)

I quote from the first folio (spelling modernised) because many editions of Richard II substitute "HELD" for "HAD" in the last line, which does not improve the sense.

The silver fountain is the Duke of York, "from whence this stream (Rutland) . . . hath HAD his current." The word "had" means "derived" as in "whence all civil laws are derived but as streams."

As a man takes no active part in his own birth, he cannot, in this, defile himself; nor can his defilement come from an immaculate and silver fountain. It must therefore come from the 'MUDDY passages,' which can be no other than the mother. Hear what she says to the 'loyal father of a treacherous son.'

"But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son."

(R2, V, 2, 104.)

So in 'Measure for Measure,' where we are told that Claudio is the son of "a most noble father" (II, 1, 17). Isabel could not understand how this most noble father could beget so base a son, and again the mother is suspected:—

"Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair;
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood."

(III, 1, 141.)

Shak.

"Roses have thorns and silver fountains mud."

(Sonnet 35.)

And this mud may be stirred and the waters troubled (1) by a tempest of wind, (2) by the feet of cattle, or (3) by "the toad ugly and venomous."

(As You, II, 1, 13.)

But

Shak.

"Why should toads infect fair founts with venom mud?"

(Lucrece, 580);

so that the fount is no longer a pure silver spring?

Nashe

"The fount of my tears (troubled and MUDDIED with a toad-like stirring and long-breathed VEXATION of thy venomous enormities) is no longer a pure silver spring."

(Vol. IV, p. 52.)

As to mud and vexation:—

Shak. "Dost think I am so MUDDY, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this VEXATION . . .
. . . Without ripe moving to't?"
(W. Tale, I, 2, 326.)

There are many sicknesses of the mind which cause vexation:—

Bacon "They tax your people *ad redimendam VEXATIONEM*:
imposing upon them and extorting from them divers sums of
money."
(Life, III, p. 184.)

Shak. "Compel from each the sixth part of his substance, to be
levied without delay."
(H8, I, 2, 57.)

Whatever the cause of vexation may be, the effect is this:—

Shak. "The people MUDDIED, thick and unwholesome in
their thoughts."
(Ham., IV, 5, 81.)
"Unwholesome" means "dangerous," as in Henry VIII.
(I, 2, 26),

Shak. where the people "are all in uproar and DANGER serves
among them."
And that is why Katharine says to Wolsey,

Shak. "But you frame things . . . which are not whole-
some."
(H8, I, 2, 45.)

According to Bacon a wholesome law is one that does not
cause discontentment among the people, and is therefore no
danger to the crown or state; and a decree which is not
wholesome is one that creates the exact opposite conditions,
which is what Wolsey did.
(Life, I, p. 223.)

Bacon Vexation caused by "griefs and discontents" is the breeder
of "Seditions and Troubles" and "the Troubling of the
Waters":—
(Essay 15.)

Bacon "There is in every state (as we know) two portions of
subjects, the nobles and the commonalty. When one of these is
DISCONTENT, the danger is not great; for the common people
are of slow motion, if they be not excited by the greater sort; and
the greater sort are of small strength, except the multitude be apt
and ready to move of themselves; then is the danger when the
greater sort do but wait for the troubling of the waters amongst
the meaner."
(Essay, XV, 1925.)

Nashe "DISCONTENT also in dreams hath no little predomin-
ance, for even as from water that is troubled, the MUD dispers-
ingly ascendeth from the bottom to the top; so when our blood is

chafed, disquieted and troubled, all the light imperfect humours of our body, ascend like MUD up aloft into the head."

(Vol. III, p. 237.)

Shak. This is what troubled Achilles when he said,
"My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd."

(Troilus, III, 3, 311.)

And we all know that

Shak. "A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
MUDDY, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty."

(Shrew, V, 2, 142);

And, as we have seen above,

Shak. "The people MUDDIED, thick and unwholesome in
their thoughts."

Nashe "So troubledly BEMUDDIED with grief and care"

(Vol. V, p. 233.)

Nashe's "fount . . . is no longer a pure silver spring," because it is "troubled and MUDDIED, with a toad-like stirring"; and Shakespeare's "sheer, immaculate and silver fountain, from whence this stream . . . hath had his current" is no longer a pure silver stream, because of the "MUDDY passages" it has had to go through. Then

Shak. "MUD not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended,"

(Lucrece, 577.)

Nashe is full of the "Fons turbatus":—

Nashe "Their hands troubled and soiled more water with washing,
than the camel doth, that nere drinks till the whole stream is
troubled."

(Vol. V, p. 38.)

Again:—

Nashe "They vomit up ink to trouble the waters."

(Vol. I, p. 115.)

In his Natural History Bacon has drugs for making the

Bacon "spirits a little more gross and MUDDY." (Syl. Syl., 954.)

And in the next experiment he says,

Bacon "As if you should prescribe a servant about a sick person
. . . when his master is fast asleep, to use such a root, or
such a root. For imagination is like to work better upon sleeping
men than men awake; as we shall show when we handle dreams."

(Syl. Syl., 955.)

The author of the "Dream" must have had the same in mind
when he wrote,

Shak. "The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make a man or woman madly dote."

(Dream, II, 1, 170.)

Therefore,

Shak.

"I'll watch Titania when she is asleep
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes."

(*Ib.*, II, 1, 176.)

And we know that her spirits became "a little more gross and muddy."

Bacon also has drugs "*to repress or stay vapours that ASCEND to the brain*" (*Syl. Syl.*, 977); or, as Nashe says, "*ASCEND like mud up aloft into the head.*" Vol. III, p. 237), and again Bacon has drugs "*which send or draw vapours to the head.*" (*Syl. Syl.*, 977):—

Bacon

"It is certain that ointments do all . . . by stopping the pores, shut in the vapours and send them to the head extremely. And for the particular ingredients of those magical ointments, it is like they are opiates and soporiferous (such as, "poppy, mandragora" and "the drowsy syrups of the world"—*Oth.*, III, 3, 330). And if any man say that this effect would be better done by inward potions; answer may be made, that the medicines that go to the ointments are so strong that if they were used inwardly they would kill those that use them."

(*Syl. Syl.*, 903.)

In the case of Hamlet's father, the medicine gained access to "the natural gates and alleys of the body" and killed him. In the "Dream" the juice was laid on sleeping eye-lids, and did not kill; but Shakespeare was such a skilled physician, that he was able to give the friar just enough medicine to make Juliet look like death, but not to kill; but all this stuff is feigned; for no drug ever has been nor ever will be found to produce an "instant tetter," with "vile and loathsome crusts."

"Whatever wound did heal but by degrees?"

So we may ask regarding our skin. Whatever crust did form but by degrees?

It would be interesting to know in which of our counties "tetter" is now most commonly used. It is still quite common in Somersetshire and Gloucestershire.

The Latin word "*vena*," in Proverbs XXV, 26, means a stream, but when applied to our anatomy it means a vein; and it is interesting to note that Bacon while reminding King James of his origin makes use of both English equivalents:—

Bacon

"Your Majesty's royal person being a noble confluence of streams and veins wherein the royal blood of many kingdoms are met and united."

(*Life* III, pp. 181-2);

The author of Richard II employed the same idea for the origin of Aumerle (Rutland) in the lines of Bolingbroke previously quoted:—

“O, loyal father of a treacherous son;
Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain
From whence the stream, through muddy passages,
Hath had his current.”

It would, indeed, have been strange if two men, and particularly two men so wide apart in their respective social positions, lives, and occupations as Bacon and the “base and common fellow” of the playhouse, should have thought of the same three analogies between fountains of water, fountains of justice, and fountains of ancestry.

Again, in Richard II (III, 3, 107) we have

Shak. “And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head.”

Currents of blood do not spring from the head, unless it be from the fountain-head, which is the heart:—

Shak. “My heart . . . the fountain from the which my
current runs.” (Oth., IV, 2, 59.)

Compare also:

Shak. “the immaculate and silver fountain, from whence this
stream . . . hath had his current,” and

Bacon “*The troubled fountain of a corrupt heart.*”
(Life, VII, p. 226.)

Let us now return to “A just man is merciful to the life of his beast; but the mercies of the wicked are cruel.”
(De Aug., VIII, II, parabola 14.)

There is no doubt whatever that Bacon and Shakespeare regarded the first part of this proverb as designed to guard the safety of the person; and the second part to guard the safety of the state.

Regarding the first part Bacon says:

Bacon “*This compassion (to brutes) has some resemblance to that of a prince towards his subjects.*”

Shak. “’Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.”
(Merch., V, 1, 188.)

And, says Bacon,

Bacon “*In causes of life and death judges ought (as far as the law permitteth) in justice to remember mercy.*” (Essay 56.)

Shak. “Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.”
(Meas., II, 2, 50.)

This first part of the proverb is more fully dealt with in *BACONIANA* (July, 1941, pp. 230-36); but it is the second part, which guards the safety of the state from such grave crimes as murder, treason and heresy, that concerns us now.

No play has more to do with the proverb than *Measure for Measure*, and just as Bolingbroke and York draw upon it—the one to argue for and the other to argue against mercy; so Isabel when arguing with Angelo uses the first part, in which mercy is a virtue; and in arguing with Claudio she uses the second part, in which mercy is a vice; and Bacon shall now tell us why it is a vice:—

"Solomon wisely adds that 'the mercies of the wicked are cruel.' Such is the sparing to use the sword of justice upon wicked and guilty men; for this kind of mercy is the greatest of all cruelties, as cruelty affects but particular persons (such as the traitor or murderer); whereas impunity to crime arms and lets loose the whole army of evil doers and drives them upon the innocent." (De Aug., VIII, II, parabola 14.)

This is the reason why Isabel says to Claudio,

"Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd."

(Meas., III, I, 149.)

And why York says to Bolingbroke,

"So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd";

for

"If thou do pardon whosoever pray

More sins for this forgiveness prosper may."

(R2, V. 3, 83).

On the other hand,

Shak. "This fester'd joint cut off the rest rests sound,
This let alone will all the rest confound."

(Ib., V., 3, 85.)

If the festered joint (Rutland, the traitor) be cut off with the sword of justice, the rest of the body politic remains sound; this let alone (*impunity*) will all the rest confound, by encouraging sedition and "*letting loose the whole army of rebels.*"

This is also why Scroope says,

Shak. "Let him be punished, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind."

(H5, II, 2, 45.)

And why Lucrece says

Shak. "Let the traitor die
For sparing justice feeds iniquity."

(Lucrece, 1687.)

It is also the reason why the first senator says,

Shak. "'Tis necessary he should die;"
for "Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy."

(Timon, III, 5, 2.)

And why the prince says,

Shak. "Mercy but murders pardoning those that kill."
(*Romeo*, III, 1, 202.)

Shak. "For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment."
(*Meas.*, I, 3, 37.)

It is also the reason why Gardiner says to Lovel,
"He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out."
(*H8*, V, 1, 52);

for

"If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state."
(*H8*, V, 3, 24.)

Again, it is the reason why Sicinius says,
Shak. "He's a disease that must be cut away."
(*Coriol.*, III, 1, 295.)

And because
Bacon "Infection spreadeth upon that which is sound and tainteth it."
(*Essay* 9.)

Brutus says,

Shak. "Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further," and so cause "a general taint of the
whole state."
(*Coriol.*, III, 1, 309.)

It is just this "general taint of the whole state" that Bacon had in mind when he wrote the last sentence of his explanation of the second part of Proverbs XII, 10:—

"Impunity to crime arms and lets loose the whole army of evil doers and drives them upon the innocent";

And, as he says elsewhere,

"*Salus populi est suprema lex*" (The best law is that which guards the safety of the people).
(*Life*, III, p. 383.)

And this is the principle at the back of all the above reasons and arguments; namely, to punish severely the graver sort of crimes to prevent a general taint of the whole state.

"For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment."
(*Meas.*, I, 3, 37.)

And the key to all this is DISCIPLINE;
for

“Those many had not dar’d to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer’d for his deed.”

(Meas., II, 2, 91.)

In deciding the authorship of the speeches of Bolingbroke and York it is well to remember that Bacon’s explanations of Proverbs XXV, 26, and Proverbs, XII, 10, were not published before the 13th of October, 1623, by which time all the reputed authors of the plays were dead and buried; except Francis Bacon; and, without reading Bacon first, it is doubtful whether his two versions of the “Fons turbatus” would have been noticed in Measure for Measure; namely, “*Coram impio*,” and “*in causa sua coram adversario*.” And it is equally doubtful whether, while reading the plays, we should have noticed that Shakespeare gave examples of, or reasons for, every item of Bacon’s legal explanation of the proverb.

Again, but for Bacon’s attractive analogies between fountains of water and fountains of justice: the clear waters of the one, troubled and mudded by the feet of cattle, and the other where “*private injuries passing unpunished do indeed trouble and pollute the clear waters of justice*” (see under letter Y above) we might not have noticed the muddy part of the proverb in Bolingbroke’s lines; and although we all notice the repetitions of parts of Measure for Measure in Richard II, where Bolingbroke takes the part of Isabel, who takes her stand upon the first part of Proverbs XII, 10, in which mercy is a virtue, and seeks to guard the safety of the person; and York takes the part of Angelo who takes his stand upon the second part of the proverb, in which mercy is a vice, because, as Bacon says,

“*impunity to crime arms and lets loose the whole army of evil doers and drives them upon the innocent*”;

and, therefore, does not guard the safety of the state, which is the people; and if any man should say that Claudio’s offence was not a danger to the state let him read Pompey’s speech (II, 1, 251); for the man who wrote that speech knew as well as Bacon that in making laws for a city or state it was most essential to know the nature of the people, lest a common offence should be made capital, in which case there would be few people left; and, therefore, while writing the play, he makes Escalus a common law judge because he knew the nature of the people. (Meas., I, 1, 10, and Adv., II, 23, 48; World’s Classics, Oxford, 1929.)

Again, the law in Vienna for Claudio's offence was death. It had slept for fourteen years but had not been repealed; so that Angelo was justified in saying to Isabel,

"The law hath not been dead though it hath slept."
(II, 2, 90.)

And when she says,

"Yet show some pity."
(II, 2, 99.)

Angelo's reply is exactly Bacon's:—

"I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would, after gall,
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another."
(II, 2, 100.)

If I harden my heart and show justice towards your brother (*the particular person*) and do him right that, answering one foul wrong, lives not to act another (i.e., if he be cut off with the *sword of justice*, why then I pity those I do not know, i.e., the innocent people, which a dismissed offence (*impunity*) would after gall (by "*letting loose the whole army of evil doers*" upon them).

There is one more line in York's speech—the last in the following quotations, which are recorded here to show how much Nashe and Shakespeare thought alike:—

Shak. "My rights and royalties
Plucked from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifths."
(R2, II, 3, 120.)

Nashe "So unto unthrifths rich men leave their lands,
Who in an hour consume long labours gains."
(Vol. VI, o. 92.)

Shak. "As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
(York's speech.)

We have now traced Bacon in Richard II, twice by his explanation of Ecclesiastes X, 1 (BACONIANA, April, 1939, and April, 1942); twice by his explanation of Proverbs XII, 10; twice by his explanation of Proverbs XXV, 26, and twice by his explanation of Proverbs XXIX, 21 (BACONIANA, January, 1942, p. 20); and as these explanations were not published before October, 1623, and as men do not read and write after death, it is not possible that Richard II could have been written by any other than Francis Bacon, and if he wrote Richard II he also wrote Measure for Measure and Hamlet; for no man denies that the author of the one was also the author of the other two.

FACTS THAT FIT.

(III)

By H. KENDRA BAKER.

WILLIAM OF STRATFORD came to London in or about 1586, and we have it from his "biographer" Halliwell Philips that when he left his native town, a quite illiterate one as we now know it to have been, he was "all but destitute of polished accomplishments."

This should never be lost sight of, for it ushers us at once into the realm of the miraculous. A person who at a given moment meets such a description would require—even in these enlightened days—a lengthy course of education and study before anything whatever from his pen would be worthy of a moment's consideration. How much more so in the sixteenth century, when learning and culture were "rare and unaccustomed" to a degree undreamt of nowadays.

And yet we are asked to believe that this "Stratford Peasant" (as his idolator Carlyle naively describes him) composed within a year or so after his arrival in London, in such a state of intellectual destitution, a play which for sheer erudition and culture is unique in the history of literature. It has, in fact, been described as "an indictment of the Aristotelian philosophy as it had been studied by the schoolmen, and as it was still studied and taught in the dramatist's own time." It displays, moreover, an absolute proficiency in the French language, even to its colloquial and idiomatic use; it contains many Latin, Spanish and Italian phrases; it reflects so wide a range of scholarship that a certain learned Professor thinks it "overcumbered with learning, not to say pedantic," while another commentator finds in it "a manifest ostentation of book-learning."

Now, unless we are to attribute "plenary inspiration" to the Gifted William, it is no exaggeration to describe such a phenomenon as a *miracle*; there is no other explanation. Figs from thistles would appear almost a normal growth contrasted with *Love's Labour's Lost* from an unlettered rustic.

Well may Professor Dover Wilson say "that to credit that amazing piece of virtuosity to a butcher-boy, who left school at 13, or even to one whose education was only what a grammar-school and residence in a little provincial borough could provide, is to invite one either to believe in miracles or to disbelieve in the man from Stratford."

The only criticism of this opinion that might be made is the assumption that this same butcher-boy ever went to any school whatever, for there is no evidence of the fact.

This play is the earliest of the Shakespeare dramas and its

composition is generally attributed to the year 1588. If we accept the dictum of S. T. Coleridge that "a young author's first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits," then the Stratfordians might reasonably expect that the first fruits of their hero's genius would reflect the thrilling pursuits of the Wonderful William at Salubrious Stratford—where his illiterate progenitor was fined for keeping a muck-heap at his front door! Does it? Most definitely it does *not*. The poles are not further asunder than that which we might have expected to find from William and what we actually do find.

So far from any reference to Stratford—or even the ancestral midden—the scene is laid at the Court of Navarre, a far distant and obscure little kingdom in the Pyrenees—hardly known even to cultured Englishmen, let alone rustics, in those days. But it is no fancy picture that is presented, for not only is the writer of the Play strangely familiar with this little-known country, but he is equally familiar with its Court life and internal politics: he has, in fact, introduced as *dramatis personae* the King himself and his leading Councillors.

The King—Henry of Navarre, later to become the celebrated Henry IV of France, who "thought Paris worth a Mass"—figures in the Play under the pseudonym of "Ferdinand." Being a reigning monarch, friendly to England, he could not with propriety be openly named. His Councillors, however, appear under their own names, as somewhat phonetically Anglicised in the original: Berowne is Charles de Gontaut, Baron de Biron, and son of the Marshal of that ilk: he was Henry's great friend and supporter. Longaville is Henri d'Orleans, Duc de Longueville, another close friend and cousin, his mother being Henry's Aunt. Dumane or Dumain was at one time thought by some to represent the Duc de Mayenne, the brother of the Duc de Guise, but, apart from the improbability of a Catholic Leaguer being a Courtier of the Huguenot King, it has now been established by Mrs. Bunten's valuable discovery in 1917 at the British Museum of Anthony Bacon's passports to visit Navarre, signed by Biron and Dumaine, that there was a high official of that name at Nerac in Henry's service at that time. Thus these three chief characters in the Play are accounted for, while others, such as Boyet, Mercadé, Holofernes and Don Armado, have been traced.

Of course, the "Princess of France" is Marguerite of Navarre, and this brings us to the political background of the Play, which displays an amazingly accurate knowledge of current events, and in particular the acute differences between the Courts of France and Navarre. These had become so menacing that in 1579 Catherine de Medicis and her daughter Marguerite, accompanied by the customary "flying squadron" of attractive Maids of Honour, chosen for their beauty, wit and charm, were despatched by Henry III on an Embassy to the Court of Navarre to negotiate, if possible, a settlement of all matters in dispute.

Thus we find "Ferdinand" discussing with the Princess, in A. II, Sc. i, the very matters which had occasioned such strained

relations between the two Courts, far too involved for treatment here. Suffice it to quote the eminent French scholar, Professor Abel Lefranc, whose literary and historical qualifications entitle him to speak with authority.

He is dealing with the obviously intimate knowledge of the dramatist concerning contemporary relations between the Courts, and, after reviewing the origin and development of these differences, which concerned, among other things, the right to Aquitaine and also the dowry of Henry's wife Marguerite of Navarre, he concludes:—"All this, added to the difficulties created by the duality of government of Guyenne (in reality, Aquitaine) constituted a singularly confused situation, absolutely analogous to that which the matters dealt with in '*Peines d'Amour Perdues*' (as he describes the Play) reveal to us touching the conflict existing between the Sovereign of France and that of Navarre. The negotiations which Marguerite and her Mother came to Guyenne to conduct, at the end of 1579, following disputes, endlessly renewed, were in their nature equally territorial and administrative as financial. One must read the works which treat in detail of this period in order to judge of the complication and tangle of these rights and pretensions."

Are we to assume that the Gifted William had read these "works which treat in detail of this period"? If so, to his manifold "gifts" must be added that of prophecy, for most of such works were not printed until many years after his death. For example, the *Memoirs* of Marguerite de Valois, which deal with this Embassy, first appeared in French in 1628, a matter of twelve years after William's decease! On these grounds alone we may dismiss William from further consideration.

Let us see if there are any facts that fit a more probable—indeed credible—solution.

Now, Francis Bacon was at the French Court, in the train of Sir Amyas Paulet, the English Ambassador, from 1576 to 1579, immediately after he had completed his studies at Cambridge; he had left the university profoundly dissatisfied with the barren system of education there practised, based on the Aristotelean philosophy—his writings testify to his disgust; he was proficient in French and, moreover, in French history; and, as an attaché of the diplomatic corps, he would know every detail of the circumstances giving rise to Catherine de Medici's Embassy to Navarre.

We are informed in "*L'Histoire Naturelle*" (the very first life of Bacon that ever appeared in print) that he "observed judiciously on his travels the laws and the customs of the countries through which he passed, noted the different forms of government in a State, with their advantages or defects, together with all the other matters which might help to make a man able for the government of men." And this, the writer tells us, was because "he saw himself destined one day to hold in his hands the helm of the State (*le timon du Royaume*)"—an extremely interesting expression, but "untouchable" here.

His industry and observation in regard to the study of foreign affairs must have been truly amazing, for in 1580, according to Mallet's *Life of Bacon*, quoted by the *Biographia Britannica*, he wrote his "View of the State of Europe" for the information of Elizabeth and her Ministers, *when he was but 19!*

Why go to Stratford for miracles in the face of this phenomenon! It is surely sufficiently marvellous that at such an age this intellectual prodigy could, and should, have written such a treatise "in which he sets down the names of all the Princes then reigning, their characters, families, interests, dominions, forces, revenues, and principal transactions of their reigns" (to again quote the *Biographia Britannica*).

In face of this evidence may we not confidently assume that his knowledge of affairs at Navarre was, at any rate, not inferior to that of our intellectually destitute friend from Stratford?

But, apart from all this, there is every reason to suppose (I purposely refrain from using the word "doubtless," that word being consecrated to Stratfordian use!) that Francis Bacon accompanied this very Embassy, which is the background of the Play. While he was in France, Marguerite was the "honeysuckle" and Francis the "bee," and although I know of no actual proof of his presence at Nerac, we do know that "gentlemen" as well as "ladies" formed part of that Embassy. Moreover, as its date was 1579 and Francis did not leave France until after he had received news of the death of Sir Nicholas Bacon, which occurred on the 20th of February of that year—and it would take a long time for the news to reach Nerac—it may well be that Francis was there when he first heard of it.

Be that as it may, it can be shewn that the Author of *L.L.L.* must have been sufficiently intimate with Marguerite of Navarre and her private affairs to be able to treat in the Play of matters which only appeared in print—and in French at that—in 1628, 40 years after the composition of the Play, and 12 after the "gifted one's" demise.

Before dealing, however, with such matters, let it be said that had Francis needed "corroborative detail" he could, with the greatest ease, have got all he wanted from Anthony Bacon, who was abroad at the time and spent five years, from 1585 to 1590, at the Court of Navarre as Henry's honoured guest, "on terms of close intimacy with the King's Councillors" (as the *Dictionary of National Biography* obligingly informs us). All this time he was in constant and confidential correspondence with Francis in London, and as he is described in the *Biographia Britannica* as "best versed in foreign affairs of any man of his time," Francis would not have needed to resort to his unaided intuition (as another we wot of would have had to do!) for all the information he wanted for his Play written in 1588. In short, what was not known of contemporary French affairs to the Brothers Bacon could hardly have been worth knowing. But now let us turn to these incidents in the Play which disclose so intimate a knowledge

of the fair Marguerite—long in advance of its communication to the public.

It must be remembered that the dramatist "whose aim it was to write a pleasing comedy and not history," is forced to use dramatic license in many matters that would take too long to detail or explain. What we have to look for are "finger-prints," and here are a few.

First, as to the lady "who died of love." In A. V, Sc. ii, the Princess, Katherine, Rosaline and Maria are discussing the activities of Cupid, and Rosaline says to Katherine, "You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' killed your sister." To which she replies, "He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died." Not, perhaps, a very thrilling incident on the face of it, but when we find, as we do from the *Memoirs of Marguerite de Valois*, that this is exactly what happened, under most tragic circumstances, hardly two years previously, to one of Marguerite's favourite Maids of Honour while they were at Liège, the allusion assumes a deeper interest.

Much condensed, the circumstances as detailed in Letter XV of the *Memoirs* are as follows:—

Mme de Tournon, lady of bedchamber to Marguerite, had several daughters: the eldest married M. de Balançon, Governor of Burgundy: Hélène, a younger sister, goes to live with them: Balançon's brother, the Marquis de Varenbon (though destined for holy orders) falls in love with her: sentiments reciprocated: holy orders off: consent to marriage sought: mother delighted: Balançon horrified: domestic brawls: mother, grossly offended, recalls Hélène: weepings and wailings: mother most unpleasant to poor Hélène: renewed weepings and wailings: eventual disgust of Hélène with mother and things in general. Enter Marguerite much annoyed: "This will never do, H. must have a change": takes her as Maid of Honour on journey to Flanders, hoping to meet with Varenbon and patch up quarrel: they meet at Namur: delight of Hélène at prospect of renewed billing and cooing: but, alas, the Marquis takes not the slightest notice of her: his behaviour, "so slighting and unnatural," a great shock to Hélène: she sickens and dies "to the great grief of her mother, as well as myself," as Marguerite writes.

But the story does not end there.

Imposing obsequies at Liège: four of Marguerite's gentlemen appointed as bearers: procession is met by "the sole occasion of it"—the Marquis, who, having thought better of his "cruel behaviour towards the unhappy young lady," had come to Liège to ask her forgiveness, and her hand in marriage. He asks whose funeral it is: "Mademoiselle de Tournon" he is told: he falls from his horse in a swoon and dies. So much for poor Hélène and her lover.

Who, then, was Katherine in the play? Well, crossword solvers would probably say, another of the "several" daughters of Mme de Tournon, and one feels they would not be far out. The author, who knew so much of the private affairs of Marguerite de Navarre, would hardly have described the ill-fated lady who died of love as "your

sister'' unless such had been the case; anybody else's sister would have done just as well.

If space permitted we could trace the extraordinary analogy between the Tournon—Varenbon episode and its Ophelia—Hamlet counterpart as shewn in the first edition of that play. If the circumstances detailed in Marguerite's Memoirs are collated with those in the first edition of "Hamlet," it cannot be doubted, as Professor Lefranc asserts, "that the leading idea concerning Ophelia is derived from the drama of love which led to the death of Hélène de Tournon." As this occurred in 1577, it is highly probable that Francis Bacon was present and witnessed the whole melancholy incident.

According to a good many writers, where Marguerite was there was Francis usually to be found, and, although some people seem to imagine that Francis Bacon was "born old," like Topsy, the fact is that he was a very attractive youth, and, as Marguerite was equally charming, it would not be remarkable if their feelings towards each other were somewhat more than platonic. But for the paper shortage, one might find quite a lot to say about Bacon's lost labours of love with regard to Marguerite.

Before dismissing Cupid and his ravages, there is another fingerprint betokening a very personal and intimate knowledge of Henry of Navarre to be found also in Act V, Sc. ii.

The King's letter sent to the Princess is described by her as:—

"As much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name."

This, Lefranc tells us, exactly describes the love-letters he did write, as proved by numerous existing examples, among others that to Gabrielle d'Estrées, "Charmante Gabrielle," exhibiting all the peculiarities of penmanship mentioned in the Play, even to the scrawling of his signature over the *emblème amoureux*.

"Doubtless" the Gifted William became acquainted with these personal idiosyncracies of *le Vert-Galant* at the Stratford Public Library—350 years in advance of the establishment of such institutions!

But, seriously, the prevalence of finger-prints in matters of detail found in the Play amount almost to an enigma. Nothing in the plot calls for their mention, and yet there they all are as though by design. For example:—(1) In A. II, Sc. i, Maria says, "at a wedding feast . . . solemnized in Normandy, saw I this Longavill." The Duc de Longueville had, in fact, important connections with Normandy. (2) Katherine says she had met Dumaine at the Duc d'Alençon's. Marguerite and her maids were there only two months before leaving for Navarre. (3) Biron says to Rosaline, "Did I not dance with you in Brabant once?" Marguerite and the "flying squadron" were there in 1577, when the de Tournon episode occurred.

(4) In the same scene, Boyet describes Katherine to Dumaine as "the heiress of Alençon," an allusion too involved to deal with at any length, and (5) In A. IV, Sc. i, the Princess asks, "Was that the King that spurr'd his horse so hard against the steep uprising of the hill?" a peculiarity recorded of Henry.

There are more such personal and intimate allusions which it would take too long to detail. Suffice it to say that, as Lefranc avers, "they are all connected with the history of Marguerite de Valois, and present an imposing array of concordant facts." Unless designedly inserted as finger-prints of authorship, their object must be left to conjecture, seeing that they bear so little relation to the action of the Play. Their presence, however, cannot fail to impress even the most casual student with the intimate knowledge of historical and personal detail possessed by the dramatist, and which could only be attained by close association with the personages depicted on the canvas of *L.L.L.* We must leave the reader to judge if such knowledge is conceivable in the case of the traditional author, who had never set foot out of his native land.

In the Play there is a suggestive incident where Holofernes, in criticising the affectations of Don Armado, calls him "too *peregrinate*, as I may call it" (thus further identifying him with Antonio Perez, who published a book under the pseudonym of "Raphael Peregrino"). Sir Nathaniel is made to say, "a most singular and choice epithet," and, drawing out his "table-book," makes a note of it.

Now, be it remembered that Bacon also kept a "table-book"—known as the "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies" (now in the British Museum), in which we find in his own handwriting several hundred of such "singular and choice epithets," turns of expression and novel ideas of which no trace has been discovered in the acknowledged writings of Bacon, or any other contemporary writer, but are more or less clearly reproduced in the "Shakespeare" Plays.

So far as *L.L.L.* is concerned, one instance only out of many must suffice. Entry 725 in the Promus is "*Plumbeo jugulare gladio* (a tame argument) *To kill with a leaden sword*," from the *Adagia* of Erasmus.

Compare *L.L.L.*, V, 2, where Biron says:—

"You leer upon me, do you? There's an eye
Wounds like a *leaden sword*."

It must not be imagined that this expression was then in common use. So far from that being the case, the expression—like the vast majority of the entries in the Promus—was entirely new to our language and literature. To appreciate the full significance of this "*Storehouse*," as regards the authorship of the Plays, Mrs. Henry Pott's great work on the MS. should be studied. Even the "*crusted Stratfordian*," Dr. E. A. Abbott, who wrote a preface thereto, obviously "*trembled*" (like Felix) at its implications.

Again, in order to show the immense classical knowledge of the Author of the Plays (of which *L.L.L.* was the first), we have only to study the large number of new words—literally manufactured from Latin and Greek roots—to be found therein. A similar phenomenon has never been witnessed. It is ridiculous to suggest that anyone but a highly educated and cultured scholar—let alone an unlettered rustic—could have produced such a collection of philological novelties.

It is well to bear in mind in this connexion that as *L.L.L.* was the earliest of the Shakespeare Plays, and that the print of it was the very first to bear the name of Shakespeare on its title page, then if the evidence convinces us that the Stratford man had nothing whatever to do with its composition, the only possible conclusion is that the name "Shakespeare" was a pseudonym applicable to the whole of the Shakespearean drama.

Thus *L.L.L.* is the supreme test of Stratfordian authorship, and no detail of its construction is too insignificant to merit the closest consideration. Here we have a young man of prodigious accomplishments writing—and producing—his first play which, for good and sufficient reasons, he was obliged to print and publish under a name not his own. Is it not probable, indeed almost certain, that he would impress his work with some features which, to the initiated, would reveal his authorship while remaining hidden from the *profanum vulgus*, just as Professor Margoliouth tells us some of the Greek dramatists, with the same object, did in their works by the anagrammatic rearrangement of letters.

Turn to Act V. What has all this seeming nonsense in the opening scene, between Holofernes, Nathaniel, Armado and Costard, to do with the action of the Play? Absolutely nothing whatever; it is just a comic interlude, but it is humour which none but the intellectual could appreciate—to the groundlings it would be unintelligible.

• Moth says to Costard (referring to Holofernes and Nathaniel), "They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps." To which Costard replies, "O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinetatibus*; thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon."

Now, this long word—the longest, it is said, in the Latin language—is obviously dragged in for some purpose. What purpose?

Well, it is certainly remarkable, to say the least, that its letters form the Latin anagram:—

"Hi ludi F Baconis nati tuiti orbi."

("These plays F. Bacon's offspring are entrusted to the world.") One wonders if any of Professor Margoliouth's Greek dramatists could have made a better job of it!

What we have to consider is, Is this a mere coincidence, or is it a finger-print? We must leave it at that—until paper is more plentiful!

But that is not the whole story. It is said that there are only two places in contemporary English literature where this long word (or anything approximating to it) is to be found. One is *L.L.L.* and the other is what is called the "Northumberland Manuscript," which, to cut a long story short, is admitted on all hands to have belonged to Francis Bacon. It is one of the skeletons in the Stratfordian cupboard, and thus seldom produced. A fuller account must be left, possibly, to another occasion, should facts that fit be still in demand. Suffice it here to say that the list of original contents on the cover, as well as the scribblings thereon, and some of the contents (which originally included "Richard II" and "Richard III") are in the handwriting of Francis Bacon, as certified by the British Museum authorities. Among these scribblings on the cover (which would need an article all to itself) is the word "*honorificabilitudino*," also the names "William Shakespeare" and "Francis Bacon" several times over and in different forms. There is also the significant line from "Lucrece," "Revealing day thro' every cranny peeps"—which indeed it does for those who have eyes to see.

A very few words must suffice for the last finger-print we have space for, though many remain.

In "Baconian" books the horned sheep is very frequently used as an ornamental head, or tail, piece. It might almost be called the Baconian "trade mark."

Now, turn to what follows the passage cited above, containing the long word, and we find this (reproduced from the 1598 print):—

"Page What is Ab speld backward with the horne on his head?

Pedant. Ba, *puericia*, with a horne added.

Page. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you hear his learning.

Pedant. *Quis quis* thou Consonant?"—and so on.

As to this, Sir E. Durning-Lawrence says, "The reply should, of course, be in Latin. The Latin for horn is *cornu*. The real answer therefore is, 'Ba corn-u fool.'"

Feeble? Possibly, and so may the Author have thought, for immediately below we get "Consonant" with a capital C, as though to strengthen it. Not up to "long-word" form, perhaps, but sufficiently meaningless in other respects to engage the attention of "finger-print experts!"

So much for *L.L.L.* and some of the facts it discloses. Which authorship they fit must be left to the reader to judge. They are, surely, worthy of careful consideration, "for" (as the *Biographia Britannica* tells us in its Life of Francis Bacon) "truths appear clearer the more closely they are examined, whereas errors, however specious, cannot endure such tests."

BEN JONSON AND SHAKESPEARE.

By R. L. EAGLE.

IT would be foolish to pretend that the well-known and often quoted utterances of Ben Jonson in the prefatory matter of the First Folio—seven years after Shakspeare's death—and in the *Discoveries* (published 24 years after that event) do not appear to raise difficulties for the unorthodox.

Those who have taken the anti-Stratford side in discussion on the Shakespeare authorship are well aware that, sooner or later, the point will be made that if the player was not the author of the plays, then Ben Jonson was a liar. To suit that case, Jonson has been promoted to the title of "honest Ben." As such, he could not have been a liar, and therefore Shakspeare wrote the plays! This is a simple line of argument, and the object of taking it is to find an easy way of dealing a "knock-out." It is often effective because it cannot be countered briefly, and editors refuse to publish the reply because it is lengthy. Thus the impression left is that the argument is unanswerable.

The poems and sonnets can be omitted from the discussion because nowhere does Ben Jonson allude to them, which is strange, as the poems attracted far more notice from contemporary critics than the plays.

We should expect to find the author, Shakespeare, commended in one of the 130 Epigrams which Ben Jonson addressed to distinguished persons, men and women, literary people and others, but "the soul of the age" is not mentioned. However, Epigram No. 56, "On Poet-ape," is generally considered to refer to him. All it tells us is that "Poet-ape's" works were "second-hand" ("the frippery of wit"); that he was a broker of plays—meaning, I suppose, that his job was to obtain plays for the theatre—and that he patched up others' plays, making "each man's wit his own." He had "grown to a little wealth and credit in the scene," not caring whose work he steals, so that Ben Jonson fears that "aftertimes may judge it to be his as well as ours." The epigram gives "Poet-ape" no credit for original composition or creative work, but instead he puts forth the work of others as his own. Although the epigram was not published until 1616 (the year of Shakspeare's death), it was written much earlier. The epigrams form a collection written at various times. So far as the evidence of the epigram goes, it supports the contention that Shakspeare was not the author of the plays, if, indeed, it applies to him.

In the year 1600, Jonson wrote *Poetaster* and *Every Man out of his Humour*. In the former (Act I, Sc. 1), we find a lawyer-poet in his study, where he writes plays and poems in secret. He says he does not traffic with the stage, and is not known in the public theatres, as

by such trading he would be brought low in the estimation of his aristocratic relatives and friends.

The lawyer-poet is clearly meant to represent Francis Bacon, and the evidence was reviewed at length by Rev. Walter Begley, in his book: *Is It Shakespeare?* (John Murray, 1903.)

In attendance there is a low-born lackey called "Luscus," who wears buskins (i.e. actor's boots). He is told that his proper place is among ostlers, which is significant owing to the tradition that Shakspeare's first occupation was minding horses outside the playhouse. As to the purpose of the presence of "Luscus" we are left in the dark, but as he presumably belongs to the theatre, he seems to represent Shakspeare on his mission as a play-broker visiting law-students for the purpose of obtaining plays. The Inns-of-Court were, I feel sure, the source of many plays which found their way to the public stage. *Every Man out of his Humour* is notable for containing the familiar allusion, in very sarcastic words, to Shakspeare's purchase of a coat-of-arms. He appears under the unsavoury name of *Sogliardo*, who is "an essential clown." The Shaksperes, father and son, obtained a coat-of-arms, after long-drawn-out attempts during which they made unscrupulous representations, and were finally successful in 1596. As in 1597, William Camden, Jonson's old master at Westminster, was made Clarenceux King-at-arms, the latter would know about the toiling among the "harrots" and that the motto was "non sans droit." In the play the crest is made "a boar without a head rampant," to signify the Shaksperes "ramping to gentility," while the motto suitable to the crest is given as "not without mustard."

Before considering the Jonsonian remarks in the First Folio, we will examine those in the *Discoveries*, first printed three years after Jonson's death. The papers were said to have been found in his rooms after his death in 1637.

The passage is too familiar to require verbatim quotation. It is as disappointing as it is vague and futile. It was certainly not written by a friend, and shows no sign of personal contact, but only what he said he had been told.

He repeats from the First Folio Preface, "To the Great Variety of Readers," which was signed by the players Heminge and Condell, that he never "blotted out a line." That Preface has been convincingly shown to have been written by Jonson, and so limited is his information that he is reduced to repeating a false and foolish remark made several years before. He forgot that he had himself contradicted the story of the unblotted manuscripts in his lines "To the AUTHOR" prefixed to the Folio, where he tells the reader how Shakespeare's "well-torned and true filed lines" were only achieved by striking "a second heat upon the Muses' anvil." "Honest Ben" knew perfectly well that the statement about the "unblotted manuscripts" was mere fudge. He knew that it was not the truth to say that the plays were "set forth according to their

first originals." There are other lies and misrepresentations made in the Folio prefatory matter, but Jonson's object was to give the volume a good "send-off," and he accordingly also wrote those very remarkable lines which face the paralyzing Droeshout engraving, knowing that this caricature was not a portrait of the author. He does, at least, refrain from calling it a portrait by substituting the word "figure."

A considerable part of the passage concerning Shakespeare in the *Discoveries* turns out to be a literal translation from the *Controversia* (Book 4) of Seneca the Elder, relating to Aterius or Haterius. Surely it is reasonable to suggest that if Jonson had known Shakspeare intimately, as is alleged, he would not have turned to Seneca for assistance in composing the paragraph. If I wrote a memoir concerning the distinguished medical career of our President, I should not turn up Hippocrates in a classical dictionary and insert extracts from what I read there as if they represented anecdotes concerning Dr. Melsome.

It would indeed be an extraordinary coincidence if it could be said of both Haterius and Shakspeare that, "His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter. . . . But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." Yet Jonson puts this down with all the appearance of it being original.* Either Jonson did not write from personal experience, or somebody "edited" and added to the collection of papers between Jonson's death and the publishing of the *Discoveries*. Obviously they contain passages which are not of his composition. There is, for instance, a long extract from one of Bacon's manuscripts beginning, "It pleased your lordship of late to aske my opinion touching the education of your sonnes, and especially to the advancement of their studies." There is no leading up in the previous matter to this sudden intrusion, nor is there any sequence in what follows this extract. I can only assume that Ben Jonson, who had been assisting Bacon in literary work from, at least 1621, had copied the letter in his neat hand, and that this copy, being found among his papers, was included in the *Discoveries*. We cannot, on the face of all the facts, place any reliance on his remarks concerning Shakspeare. He says nothing which would lead us to believe that he considered the play to be the author of *Hamlet* and the rest, and he

*Since this article was written, Dr. Melsome has pointed out another plagiarism at the very end of the *Discoveries*:

"You admire no Poems, but such as run like a Brewers-cart upon the stones, hobling."

Nashe (*Works*, Vol. II, p. 203) wrote in 1592:

"I must make my verses (as he doth his) run hobling like a Brewers cart upon the stones."

The lines from Martial's Epigram 91 which follow, and conclude the *Discoveries*, have nothing to say about a brewer's cart. "Poet-ape" was not the only one whose works were "the frippery of wit" or who made "each man's wit his own."

omits him from the list of writers under the heading *Scriptorum Catalogus*, though he puts Bacon first.

Surely the absence of such evidence is proof that no friendship existed between Jonson and the player. Had there been anything more than a passing acquaintance, he would have found something original and worth while to say about him. Was Ben so utterly incompetent in writing a biographical memoir, so barren of ideas and style, that he had to turn to Seneca for "inspiration?" We know that it was not so.

So far as the alleged *Conversations* with Drummond of Hawthornden are concerned, these have been proved to be a an 18th century forgery on the part of Sir Robert Sibbald, thanks to the research and analysis made by Mr. C. L. Stainer, in his masterly book on the subject published by Basil Blackwell in 1925. The nonsense about how "Sheakspear in a play brought in a number of men saying they had suffered Shipwreck in Bohemia, wher is no sea by some 100 miles" can be ignored. Even if Jonson had written such puerile stuff, it would merely prove his ignorance about the play in question. There is no shipwreck mentioned in *The Winter's Tale*.

Finally, we came to the most important consideration of all—that of the First Folio introductory poem, signed by Ben Jonson. It is a fine achievement, as worthy as anything could be to commend the Folio, and give it a good send-off. But he does not exaggerate in this eulogy of the works of Mr. William Shakespeare, THE AUTHOR. The words "the author" are printed in capitals as if to draw attention to the distinction which must be made in drawing conclusions from the remarks which follow in the poem. It contains lines which are capable of double meanings, and which have caused much argument. Why, for instance, should he write:

But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere,
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou starre of poets!

How could one man become a "constellation" or group of stars? And how could he be the "bright particular star" and also a constellation? Surely, it is confirmation of the undoubted fact that other pens contributed to the Shakespeare Folio, and that Ben Jonson is addressing in these lines the master-mind who presided over the whole? It also confirms what Bacon says concerning that "visible representation" of the human passions which was the Fourth Part of the Great Instauration, and of which he tells us in the *Cogitata et Visa* that he intends, "having shared these writings with some, to withhold the rest until the treaties intended for the people shall be published." That was written in 1607 (sixteen years before the publication of the Folio) and the majority of the Shakespeare plays had then been written. Several of the masterpieces had not, however, been published and were withheld until the Folio of 1623.

It is difficult, at this distance of time, to appreciate that there were no strict views as to the obligations of literary integrity. To-day

we should, perhaps, call the literary deceptions of the period "frauds." Works were frequently printed and attributed by their authors to other names, either invented or real, who were entirely innocent of any connection with them. Moreover, nobody in Shakespeare's lifetime considered the Plays to be supreme or, indeed, of any particular merit, and certainly not that they would be immortal. That Jonson, who was personally patronised by Bacon and employed by him as a literary assistant at the date of the Folio publication, should have assisted in concealing the identity of the real author by putting any future enquirers on a false scent, does not justify anybody calling him "a liar." Sir Walter Scott had no scruples about the concealment of his authorship of the Waverley Novels, nor are his publishers defamed for aiding and abetting him. Bearing in mind the ill repute of the public theatres, and everything connected with them, Jonson would certainly consider himself justified in what he did. How skilfully he has misled generations of commentators and "experts" in the lines:—

And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
 From thence to honour thee I would not seek
 For names, but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To live again, to hear thy Buskin tread
 And shake a Stage: or, when thy Socks were on,
 Leave thee alone, for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

What a controversy has raged round those five words, "Small Latin and less Greek!" They have been taken from their context for evidence that Shakespeare *had* small Latin or less Greek. Yet anyone conversant with the prose of the period should know that the correct interpretation of the passage is "Even were it the case that thou hadst small Latin and less Greek," I would not seek to honour thee by calling up the names of the great Greek and Latin tragedians to witness your tragedies ("to hear thy Buskin tread"); and as for Comedy ("when thy Socks were on") I would compare thee with "all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth." Dr. C. M. Ingleby was, I think, the first Shakespearean authority to see the true meaning, and several others have since followed. As an example of "though" followed by the conditional "would" or "should," and therefore meaning "even if," we have Hamlet speaking to the Ghost:

I'll follow thee, *though* Hell itself *should* gape.

There is no doubt in my mind, however, that Ben Jonson was purposely writing sentences concerning Shakespeare which are, on the surface, misleading. His success in literary juggling and illusion has certainly been astonishing. The comparison with "insolent Greece and

haughty Rome" is taken from the *Controversia* (Book I, *Preface*) "*Quidquid Romana facundia habet quod insolenti Graeciae aut opponat aut praeferat.*" A few years later, in the *Discoveries*, he applied the same words to Bacon:

"He it is that hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome."

As "numbers" means poems or poesy, he is telling us that Bacon was the one who performed the feats which he had attributed to THE AUTHOR, Mr. William Shakespeare.

When, in the *Discoveries*, Jonson said of Shakespeare that "he flowed with that facility sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: Sufflaminandus erat, as Augustus said of Haterius," he did not mean in writing, but *in talking*. In that sense, Augustus applied the words to Aterius. Any Latin dictionary of recognised authority gives the meaning of *Sufflaminare* as "to stay, check or repress in speaking." Seneca, who is the source of the story, confirms this.

Who would want to stop the exquisite oratory of the author of the Plays? Would not Ben Jonson, and everybody else of discrimination, have wanted him to go on? There was an orator for whom he had the most intense admiration, and of whom he declared in the *Discoveries*, "the fear of every man who heard him was lest he should make an end." Surely this should have been applied to Shakespeare? What great satisfaction such a remark would have given. How could the Baconians have possibly got over this? Only an orator could have written the Plays.

That Jonson wrote the Preface "To the Great Variety of Readers" signed by Hemings and Condell was first argued, with complete conviction, by Malone, and this has been endorsed by other discerning critics. It is full of statements contrary to fact, such as the Plays being "perfect of their limbes" and "absolute in their numbers as he conceived them." There is also the remark concerning the unblotted manuscripts which are said to have been received "from him." We know that the Plays were not printed from the author's own manuscripts. In some cases, no doubt, they were set up from fair copies, but in others previously printed quartos, with additions and alterations, were used. We know this because quarto misprints reappear in the Folio. As such false statements have been made by Jonson in one place, we need not be surprised to find others elsewhere. The portrait of Shakespeare prefixed to the Folio is itself a deception, and the lines which Ben Jonson applied to it are appropriately ambiguous. We must not forget that the preliminary matter in the Folio is the "puff" intended to help the sale of the book, and Jonson merely commits untruths and exaggerations, much as advertisers do to-day. Jonson knew that the biggest deception of all was that the player should be credited with the authorship, but those who could pierce the veil would see the truth.

If Ben Jonson were put in the witness-box he would be thoroughly discredited. He says that after 40 his memory declined. As the *Discoveries*, or such as came from his pen, were written when he was upwards of 50, we may charitably assume that this was partly responsible for some of the nonsense, such as the misquotation from *Julius Caesar* in the famous passage about Shakespeare:

"Many times hee fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him: *Caesar, thou dost me wrong* Hee replied: *Caesar did never wrong, but with just cause*: and such like; which were ridiculous."

This does not appear to me to be worthy of Ben Jonson. If it means anything, it is that Shakspeare was such a bad actor that he often "fluffed" his lines and made himself ridiculous. That might account for the fact that when *Every Man out of his Humour* was played by the Lord Chamberlain's company, the whole of that company, with the exception of Shakspeare, had parts assigned to them. The probable explanation is that the story was invented.

Although there is no evidence that Ben Jonson was on friendly terms with Shakspeare, we have ample testimony of the close relationship which existed between him and Bacon, especially during the last five years of Bacon's life. Archbishop Tenison mentioned his name among the "good pens" who assisted him in literary work. He was present at the lavish banquet given by Lord Bacon on his 60th birthday at York House. Ben Jonson's ode on the occasion pays tribute not only to his lordship, but to the splendour of the festivities, the setting and the distinguished assembly:

Hail, happy genius of this ancient pile!
How comes it all things so about thee smile?
The fire, the wine, the men; and in the midst
Thou stand'st as if a mystery thou didst.

The scene recalls Lord Timon's elaborate banquets to his fawning guests, who were to prove false "friends" in Timon's misfortune. No doubt, some of the guests on this occasion found excuses to deny a helping hand to fallen greatness even though he had showered rich gifts on them. No wonder "Shakespeare" let loose a torrent of bitterness on the ingratitude of men through the mouth of Timon. There is no evidence of the play being written before the date of Bacon's fall from power and riches. We have evidence, too, that Bacon and Ben Jonson shared the same books, as copies of several are extant, bearing the marginal marks and signs peculiar to each, and found together in the same volumes.

One has only to read Jonson's notes about Bacon in the *Discoveries* to realize that they are personal reminiscences, while those referring to Shakspeare bear no semblance of direct contact or reality.

BACON'S TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS.

By R. J. A. BUNNETT, F.S.A.

REFERRING to Mr. R. L. Eagle's article, "Lord Bacon was a Poet," in the October, 1942, *BACONIANA*, it is to be noted that with regard to the *Translation of certain Psalms*, made only two years before his death, when his powers were declining, Bacon had written in his *Essay of Youth and Age*, "The invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and imaginations stream into their minds better and, as it were, more divinely." This passage is itself poetry, though in prose form.

Sir Sidney Lee declared: "Such authentic examples of Bacon's effort to write verse as survive prove beyond all possibility of contradiction that, great as he was as a prose writer and philosopher, he was incapable of penning any of the poetry assigned to Shakespeare." His *Translation of Certain Psalms into English Verse* (1625) convicts him of inability to rise above the level of clumsy doggerel."

Against this prejudiced diatribe, we have Spedding's judicial summary of the facts of the case. Of the "Translations" he wrote:—

"It has been usual to speak of them as a ridiculous failure; a censure in which I cannot concur. . . . I should myself infer from this sample that Bacon had all the natural faculties which a poet wants—a fine ear for metre, a fine feeling for imaginative effect in words and a vein of poetic passion. . . . The truth is that Bacon was not without the fine phrensy of the poet."

It is obvious that Bacon as a true poet would choose for each Psalm the form most suitable to it; and it must be remembered that he was translating, if somewhat loosely, and not writing original verse.

Is not the line in the first stanza of Psalm XC (which, with CXXVII and CXLIX, is written in six-lined stanzas):—

Or that the frame was up of earthly stage,

reminiscent of the familiar stage of the Globe theatre?

Of the poet's version of the 3rd verse of this Psalm ("Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, 'Return ye children of men'")

Both death and life obey thy holy lore

And visit in their turns as they are sent,

Spedding wrote, "The thought in the second line could not well be fitted with imagery, words and rhythm more apt and imaginative, and there is a tenderness of expression in the concluding couplet:

Or as a watch by night, that course doth keep,

And goes and comes un'wares to them that sleep,

which comes manifestly out of a heart in sensitive sympathy with nature, and fully capable of the poet's faith:—

*that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.*

Take the third stanza of this Psalm:—

*Thou carriest man away as with the tide;
Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high;
Much like a mocking dream that will not hide
But flies before the sight of waking eye;
Or as the grass, that cannot term obtain
To see the Summer come about again.*

The "Summer" and the "mocking dream" are Bacon's own invention: he seems to be thinking the life of man is as brief as the mocking dream of a midsummer night. Did he regard his own end so near that, like the grass, he might not have respite to see the summer come again?

There is an exquisite beauty and richness in the poetry in which the poet clothed the thoughts he added to his translation of Psalm CIV:

*Upon thy head thou wear'st a glorious crown
All set with virtues, polish'd with renown:
Thence round about a silver veil doth fall
Of crystal light, mother of colours all.*

This is a profoundly poetic transcription of, "Who covereth thyself with light as with a garment: who stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain." "The heroic couplet," remarked Spedding, "could hardly do its work better in the hands of Dryden."

What could be more delightful than the dainty simile:—
The moon so constant in inconstancy?

We are reminded of Juliet's exclamation to Romeo:

*O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb.*

There is nothing in the Bible like the line:

The greater navies look like walking woods,

but it is a re-echo of the Messenger's statement in *Macbeth*:

*As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and methought
The wood began to move.*

Also what fine poetic concepts there are in the following lines, chosen at random from this Psalm:

*The lofty cedars, tall like stately towers.
The vales their hollow bosoms opened plain,
The streams ran tumbling down the vales again.*

and of birds:

Stroking the gentle air with pleasant notes.

For Psalm CXXVI, Bacon uses the lightest and most smoothly flowing metre. Take the following stanza:

*When God returned us graciously
Unto our native land,
We seemed as in a dream to be,
And in a maze to stand.*

And when he wishes to be brief, and yet adhere as closely as possible to the original, he is never at a loss for the apt expression:

*Who sows in tears shall reap in joy,
The Lord doth so ordain;
So that his seed be pure and good,
His harvest shall be gain,*

is the poet's simple rendering of the somewhat laboured verse in the A.V.—“He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

Of Psalm CXXXVII beginning:

*When as we sat all sad and desolate,
By Babylon upon the river's side,*

Spedding wrote, “For myself, I may say that deeply pathetic as the opening of the 137th Psalm always seemed to be, I have found it much more affecting since I read Bacon's paraphrase.” Repeatedly in these translations we come across the word “Will” (with a capital “W” in the original) as it is played upon in Sonnet 136:

*Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will.
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.*

In Bacon's version of Psalm CIV, we read:

*His angels spirits are that wait his will,
As flame of fire his anger they fulfil.*

The last two lines of this Sonnet run:

*Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me, for my name is Will.*

Bacon, writing of the earth in the Psalm, says:

*Never to move, but to be fixed still;
Yet hath no pillars, but his sacred will.*

The poet dedicated the volume of the “Translations” to his young friend, Mr. George Herbert, then 32 years of age. It is said that Bacon held the scholarly poet in such high esteem that he used to submit his writings to him before publication, and we know that Herbert translated part of the *Advancement of Learning* into Latin.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF *THE ARTE OF ENGLISH POESIE* (1589).

By R. L. EAGLE.

IN *Bacon's Nova Resuscitatio* (1905), the Rev. Walter Begley devoted a chapter to the consideration of the possibility of Francis Bacon having been the author of this astonishing and exhaustive treatise on the science and art of Poetry. Its authorship was a mystery from the beginning. No doubt, it was an "open secret" among those members of the select circle of courtier-poets which included Sir Edward Dyer, Sidney, Sir Thomas Sackville and Fulke Greville.

Although the work was highly regarded and imitated from the time of its printing by Richard Field, the first to mention the name of an author appears to have been Edmund Bolton in a MS. entitled *Hypercritica*, written about the year 1620, but not published until 1722. He referred to *The Arte* as "the Work (as the fame is) of one of her (Queen Elizabeth's) gentlemen pensioners, Puttenham." There is no other evidence in favour of Puttenham, and so much against the possibility of this unknown and unimportant person, who was apparently unqualified by birth, experience and environment, that he can be safely left out of the argument.

The book was written for the Queen and the court ladies, and dedicated to Lord Burleigh. The Dedication is signed R.F. (i.e. Richard Field), but was clearly written by the author of the book.

Begley made out quite a good case for Bacon, but he avoided evidence which told against his theory.

After careful thought and no little research, I am convinced that the information which the author gives about himself is correct, so far as it goes. It has been difficult to check, because he mentions no dates for the incidents reported, and he often suppresses the names of important persons connected with events where Government officials are concerned. There is, for instance, the anecdote about "an Embassadour of King Henry the Eighth" to the court of Spain relating to "the controversie betwixt him and Ladie Catherine of Castill, the Emperour's awnt."

The author says (Bk. III, Ch. 12) that he wrote an Eglogue called *Elpina* "being but 18 years old, for King Edward the sixth." As Edward only reigned 1547-1553, the author would have been born about 1532. The Ambassador to Spain was clearly Dr. Edward Lee (ca 1482-1544), an M.A. of Magdalen College. He was Ambassador to Spain 1525-1530, and the particular occasion mentioned was in 1529. How did the author of the *Arte* obtain an almost verbatim account of the conversation? It must have been either from Dr. Lee,

or else it was a story told in the Ambassadorial service with which he, and probably his father, were connected. We shall come to this presently.

Of his childhood he informs us that there was a nursery of children, and an old nurse—the sure indication of a wealthy family. He became "a scholler at Oxford," and "Poesy was but the study of my younger yeares in which vanitie reigned." He was brought up among the courtiers of foreign countries, and things he had observed in the courts of Italy, France and Spain are frequently mentioned. (See *Arber's Edtn.*, p. 277, 308, &c.) There are two events named, but not dated, relating to his service abroad which can be definitely established. The first occurs on p. 278, where he states that he was present with Henry Earl of Arundel, who, while passing from England to Italy "was very honourably entertained at the Court of Brussels by the Lady Duchess of Parma, Regent there." The Prince of Orange was also present at the banquet. This took place in 1565. If we could find out the names of any other Englishmen accompanying Lord Arundel, I feel sure we could identify our author. Arundel, who died in 1580, was 55 years of age at the time. He was one of the greatest peers, and held the office of Lord Chamberlain. In 1559, he was elected Chancellor of Oxford. Through his mother he was connected with the Northumberland family. She was Lady Anne Percy—daughter of the 4th Earl. As we shall see, the author of *The Arte* was also on familiar terms with the Earl of Northumberland. Arundel was a great admirer of Italy, and built Nonsuch Palace, Cheam, in the Italian style both with regard to the buildings and the gardens.

Who were the commissioners appointed with Arundel to arrange a treaty with the Hansa towns in August, 1560? If any record exists, and is accessible, we should probably find the author among them, and his would be a name well known among the Tudor poets. To this circle of poets I would add the name of Lord North (1530-1600), "a great patron of players," according to the D.N.B., and another ambassador to the Court of France.

On page 285, occurs an anecdote when the author was at Spa in the time of Charles IX of France. He says:

"I, being at the Spa waters there lay a Marshall of France called Monsieur de Sipier, to use those waters for his health, but when the Phisitions had all given him up, and that there was no hope of life in him, came from the King a letters patent of 6000 crowns yearly pension during his life, with many comfortable words. The man was not so much past remembrance, but he could say to the messenger '*trop tard, trop tard*, it should have come before.' "

It was Francois de Scepeaux who lay dying at Spa in 1569, and the Earl of Arundel was there at the same time as our author. The Marshall died at Spa in that year. This is the second incident mentioned in *The Arte* when Arundel and he were together on the Contin-

ent. It should not be impossible to trace who accompanied the Earl on his travels between 1565 and 1569. It certainly was not Bacon, who was born in 1561, but the author was on friendly terms with Sir Nicholas Bacon, for he says:

"I have come to the Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and found him sitting in his gallery alone with the works of Quintillian before him. Indeed, he was a most eloquent man, and of rare learning and wisdom, as ever I knew England to breed, and one that joyed as much in learned men and men of good wits."

This tribute must have been written after 1579—the year when Sir Nicholas died. That the author moved in the highest social and political circles is apparent from references scattered throughout the book to conversation and repartee. We have intimate little sketches about "A Knight of the Queen's privie chamber"; of Master Secretary Wilson and Sir Thomas Smith, her Majesty's principal secretary. On page 284, there is recorded an anecdote with the conversation which took place "at the Duke of Northumberland's board, where merry John Heywood was allowed to sit at the table's end." This was Henry Percy, the 8th Earl (1532-1585), who married Catherine Neville in 1561. The name "Neville" occurs on the Northumberland Manuscript, where the names of Shakespeare and Bacon appear several times, together with the titles of works connected with those names.

As Heywood, the jester, fled to Malines as a Catholic fugitive in, or about, 1558, and his name occurs in a list of fugitives in 1571, the above incident presumably happened prior to 1558. Heywood died about the year 1580.

The author appears to have lived on the Middlesex bank of the Thames at the time of writing the *Arte*. This, of course, might include any of the great mansions between Blackfriars and Westminster. This inference is to be drawn from Book III, Ch. 4, where dialect is discussed. He says that the best English is spoken by "we of Middlesex or Surrey." I came to the above conclusion because it is natural for a man to name his home county first. He was, as Arber says, a "high-born, high-bred, highly cultivated, courtly Crichton."

As Sidney is called Sir Philip Sidney (he was knighted in January, 1583), the book must have been written between 1583 and 1589. In fact, the author is right up-to-date when, in Bk. I, Ch. XXIII, he reminds the Queen of "this one-and-thirty years of your glorious reign," and that he had written *Triumphals* "in honour of her Majesty's long peace."

Such is the evidence I have so far gathered in search for the author. If other records are available on this side of the Channel, particularly as to the names and movements of Elizabeth's ambassadors during the period 1560-1570, having particular regard to the Earl

of Arundel's suite, there should be little difficulty in ultimately tracing our author, and thus solving a problem which has baffled the literary world for 350 years. When that person is identified, it will be no obscure Puttenham, but one as famous in the realms of poetry as in the field of diplomacy, and one well known to Francis and Anthony Bacon.

W. L. Rushton, in his book, *Shakespeare and The Arte of English Poesie*, published in 1909, proved “Shakespeare's” familiarity with the work, and that he not only introduces into his writings many of the *Figures* of poetry which are mentioned and described, but, when using them, frequently introduces the same words which appear in the examples given of the *Figures*. It shows a prodigious feat of memory on “Shakespeare's” part, and one worthy of Bacon, of whom a contemporary recorded that he had “a great fixed and methodical memory.”

Though I am unable, at this stage, to name the author, I have gathered many clues, and followed in his footsteps.

The poet whom I have most carefully considered is Sir Edward Dyer. He travelled on the Continent in his youth, and was an Oxford (Balliol) scholar. In 1571, Leicester was his patron, who even intrigued with Burleigh (to whom the *Arte* is dedicated) to make him the Queen's personal favourite in place of Hatton. It is known that he went on a diplomatic mission to the Netherlands in 1584. Sidney, by his will, left his books to him and to Fulke Greville. In 1589, he was again on a diplomatic mission—this time to Denmark. When he was knighted in 1596, he was still in the Queen's favour. That he was a concealed author is apparent from the allusion to him in John Davies of Hereford's *Microcosmos* (1603):

Thou virgin knight, that dost thyself obscure
From the world's unequal eyes.

The author of the *Arte* nowhere mentions wife or family. Judging by the fact that he spent so much of his life abroad, it is probable that, like Dyer, he was unmarried.

PROXIME ACCESSIT !

ANOTHER EXAMPLE SHOWING HOW ORTHODOX CRITICS OF "SHAKESPEARE" FAIL TO PERCEIVE THE LOGICAL CONCLUSION OF THEIR OWN RESEARCHES.

By HOWARD BRIDGEWATER.

A REMARKABLE feature of the works of many of the best of the orthodox critics of "Shakespeare" is the extent to which they find therein allusions that are reminiscent of statements made in one or other of Francis Bacon's works, without apparently appreciating the significance, from the point of view of the authorship question, of the similarities which they themselves are at such pains to point out.

Amongst the acutest observers of this kind have been the Professors George Brandes, Gervinus, Dover Wilson* Connes, Karl Elze, Churton Collins and A. C. Bradley, whose allusions to Bacon, in the course of their comments upon the immortal plays, would, in the aggregate, enable a first-rate presentation of the Baconian case to be compiled.

Another writer who comes in this category is Mr. Morton Luce, whose book, "A Handbook to the Works of William Shakespeare,"† is one of the most masterly commentaries that I have yet had the pleasure to study.

In the opening pages, Mr. Luce remarks that in the time of Elizabeth "printed books were beyond the reach of the populace." This being so, it not unnaturally occurs to the impartial reader to enquire how it was that Will Shakspeare was able, in his relatively early youth, to become possessed of the many books, which, later, Mr. Luce proceeds to say he must have read, including one in French, one in Italian and several in Latin, adding that "a certain familiarity with Spanish also" is suggested by several of his plays. But difficult, if not impossible, for him to have acquired these books, it is still difficult to account for his mastery of the languages, ancient and modern, referred to.

The literary sources of "Shakespeare" were, as Mr. Luce rightly remarks, wide and varied, including the plays of Seneca, and the great Greek tragedies and the romantic drama of Italy, and according to Mr. Luce he knew Latin well enough to enrich his writing of

* In this connection it is interesting to recall that in his latest work, "The Essential Shakespeare," Prof. Dover Wilson wrote:—"To credit the authorship of 'Love's Labour's Lost' to a butcher's boy who left school at thirteen, and whose education was only what a little provincial borough could provide, is to invite one either to believe in miracles or to disbelieve in 'the man of Stratford.'"

† London: George Bell & Sons, 1907.

English with Latin word elements, Latin construction, Latin idioms and Latin thought, while his knowledge of Greek was sufficient "to give him some sort of access to Greek literature." While most men who commence writing plays at an early age become more proficient and more erudite as they grow older, Mr. Luce remarks that "Shakespeare almost seems to have collected his vast store of knowledge before he took up his dramatic pen," and "we rarely meet with a writer possessed from the very first of such a fund of information."

In his introductory comment concerning the "life" of the author he says "No story of a life has been told so often as this of Shakespeare: yet none has been so difficult to tell, for while the man is barely placed upon record, his work remains as the greatest mental achievement of all the ages." "He shares," he says, "with Bacon the habit of weighing truth in the scales of antitheta," and then remarks:—"We have before us a man who nowhere identifies himself with the people, 'the rank-scented many,' but writes rather as from some higher grade of society, having an astonishing acquaintance with the whole business of life, its professions, medical, legal and the rest: its scientific thought and fact: its philosophical imaginations, etc."

As if conscious of sailing somewhat near the wind in this recital of the wonderful attainments of the author, he remarked (as I fear I must suggest very unconvincingly) "but he lived in a narrower world than ours, and such knowledge was rather easier to gain!" Mr. Luce continues: "The sea he knew, and ships and seafaring, and his knowledge of foreign parts has often the stamp of an eye-witness!"

Discussing the line (in M.N.D.) "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" Mr. Luce calls to mind that this is reminiscent both of Aristotle and Bacon, and he finds that both Bacon and Shakespeare insist upon the "feigning" qualities and tendencies of poetry. Commenting upon poetry generally, in the Elizabethan age, Mr. Luce refers to the fact that in 1589 "The Art of English Poesie" informs us of "very many noble gentlemen of the Court that have written (poetry) commendably, and suppressed it again, or else suffered it to be published without their own names to it," and remarks that publication of the Sonnets was independent of the author.

Of "Venus and Adonis," "the first heir of my invention," he says: "Shakespeare was only 30 years of age when this was written and that (young as he then was) it is incredible that the author should not have served some poetical, dramatic, or prose apprenticeship long before he produced this highly finished poem," which, he adds, "reads like the work of a scholar, and is the work of one who already looks quite through the deeds of men." In "Loves Labours Lost" Shakespeare "puts philosophy above dogma, and common sense above both and," says Mr. Luce, "hereby, at the very outset, you may know Shakespeare from all his contemporaries except Spencer, Hooker and Bacon." "Small wonder," he remarks, "that before his period of authorship closed he had educated a people up to the level of the highest form and spirit of the highest art, the poetic drama!"

Concerning this wonderful eulogium someone has written, in the margin of the book before me, "Bravo butcher's apprentice!"

Alluding to Tennyson's remark concerning Bacon, "How could a man with such an idea of Love write 'Romeo and Juliet?'" Mr. Luce, with his usual insight, states that this is "misleading," as "both Bacon and Shakespeare set out on their careers as authors with conventional notions of friendship and love."

Discussing the character of the Queen in "Richard II," he remarks that she was created to give scope and play to impossible attributes in her husband. "To be wise and love exceed man's might" is, he says, "one of Shakespeare's Baconian . . . views."

Concerning the play of "All's Well that Ends Well," he remarks that the allusion to the "colours of good and evil" is often paralleled by the work of Bacon, "some of which was published about this time."

Shakespeare's authority for the "Merchant of Venice" was Ser Giovanni's "Il Pecorone," which, he says, "Shakespeare seems to have read (in) the Italian."

Of "The Merry Wives" he says "Shakespeare must have had an intimate acquaintance with Windsor and its neighbourhood, and, as usual, he is familiar with the ways of Court Life. How often in his plays we meet with a suggestion of foreign ambassadors or notables who visit England." Strange that no Court notable either English or foreign, so much as mentions ever having met him! And, stranger still, that Bacon seems to have been quite oblivious of the existence of this great genius!

Of "Hamlet," "Measure for Measure" and "Troilus and Cressida" Mr. Luce insists that "Appreciation of these plays is impossible without an acquaintance with the writings of Shakespeare's great contemporary Bacon," adding "It may encourage the student if I direct him to Bacon's 'Colours of Good and Evil,' his 'Meditationes Sacrae' and the earlier Essays, which I think Shakespeare must have been studying about this time."

Discussing allusions in Shakespeare to the supernatural, Mr. Luce quotes Bacon as follows:—"There is a superstition in avoiding superstition. . . I would sooner believe most incredible marvels of any religion than that all Nature works without a Providence," adding "to make these remarks applicable to Shakespeare we need not add nor take away a single word."

In his Preface to the first edition of his remarkable "Handbook," Mr. Luce deals briefly, as he says "at request," with the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. After, quite rightly, asserting that in Elizabethan literature "two authors may be separated from all the rest, and they are Shakespeare and Bacon," he says. "Of these two it may fairly be said that the former was supreme in emotion, imagination, poetry, art, while the latter represented thought, intellect, prose, science." But, having made that distinction, he goes on, very justly, to admit that no such distinctions between man and man are absolute:

"Shakespeare descended at his will to the most rigid intellectual analysis, and Bacon rose habitually to a heaven of imagination, cold, however, and emotionless."

As has been shown, Mr. Luce appreciates in an exceptional degree the unity of mind existing between the author of 'Shakespeare' and Bacon. While one must greatly regret that he should, so narrowly, have failed to see that Essays and Scientific works are not the most appropriate place for the display of emotion, and that the emotional side of Bacon's character found in fact its outlet and expression in the immortal plays, Mr. Luce's constant allusions to the single-mindedness of Bacon and Shakespeare, on so many subjects, can hardly fail to lead his readers to their logical conclusion.

VIRGIL'S GNAT.

By EDWARD D. JOHNSON.

IN the Folio Edition (dated 1617) of Spenser's works appears a poem entitled Virgil's Gnat. It was originally published among other poems under the name of Complaints in 1591, three years after the death of The Earl of Leicester, to whom the poem is dedicated. The Dedication is as follows:—

Wrongd, yet not daring to expresse my paine,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
Vnto your selfe, that onely priuie are:
But if that any Oedipus vnware,
Shall chaunce, through power of some diuining spright,
To read the secret of this riddle rare,
And knowe the purport of my euill plight,
Let him be pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to glose vpon the text:
For grieve enough it is to griued wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what-so by my selfe may not be showne
May by this Gnats complaint be easily knowne.

How can anyone contend that this poem was written by Spenser and dedicated to the Earl of Leicester? It is impossible that the Earl of Leicester could have done any grievous wrong to Spenser, who in 1591, when the poem first appeared, had been resident in Ireland for over 11 years.

In any case Spenser would never have dared to address the Earl in such familiar terms, as the dedication clearly shows that the author is addressing someone in his own station of life.

But if we read this dedication in the light that the author is Francis Bacon, who is addressing his father, The Earl of Leicester, it becomes crystal clear.

Look at the second line again—"To you (Great Lord) the causer of my care." To you, my father, who has never acknowledged me as your son and who has allowed me to go through life without being able to claim my birthright and show to the world whom I really am.

The author then goes on to express the hope that some reader will solve the secret of this riddle, so there must be a riddle somewhere in the poem which remains to be solved, but what it is no one seems to have discovered.

We are quite clearly told that there is a riddle hidden in the Dedication, and it would appear that an answer to the riddle can be found if we make a table of the letters in the Dedication in the way

shown in my pamphlet, "Francis Bacon's Cypher Signatures." Taking the words THE SECRET, on the 7th line, as a starting-off point, we find in letters which are 3 squares apart from each other the following messages:—

1. THE SECRET Leicester F. R Bacon is his son
2. The Secret Leicester HIS son is F R Bacon.
3. F R Bacon the son His parent is Leicester.

If the reader will take the trouble to make such a Table he can work these messages out for himself.

The F of F R is the 5th letter on the 5th line, and grouped round this letter will be found R BACON. The word SON appears above and below the words THE SECRET. The word LEICESTER starts with the L which is the 31st letter on the 3rd line and goes to the left to meet the words IS HIS.

The author has displayed considerable ingenuity in arranging the letters in the Dedication to give these three messages, as the reader will find if he cares to work them out. There would seem to be a confirmation of the message in the Dedication, because at the end of the poem is the mark K 2. Taking K to mean Key (Key was pronounced the same as K in Elizabeth's day) and the 2 to refer to the second verse we do find something of interest.

The following is the second verse of the poem:—

Hereafter, when is season more secure
 Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
 In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure
 And for thy worth frame some fit Poesie:
 The golden ofspring of Latona pure,
 And ornament of great love's progenie,
 Phoebvs shall be the Author of my song,
 Playing on Ivorie harp with siluer strong.

On the fifth line of this second verse we find the word OFSPRING. There are 14 lines in the Dedication. Counting 14 words backwards from this word OFSPRING takes us to the word THY, on the third line, and counting 14 words forwards from this word OFSPRING takes us to the words THE AUTHOR, on the 7th line, so we get THY OFSPRING THE AUTHOR, which may be a coincidence or it may be the author telling us that the poem is addressed by a son to a father.

There also seems to be a signature in the first three lines and the last three lines of the 2nd column of the last page but one of the poem:—

1st 3 lines on 2nd col. of last page but one:

A	AND IN AVENGEMENT OF THEIR BOLD ATTEMPT
B	BOTH SUN AND STARRES AND ALL THE HEAVENLY POWRES
CON	CONSPIRE IN ONE TO WREAKE THEIR RASH ATTEMPT -

Last 3 lines on the same col.:

F **FOR THOU ART HE**, WHOM MY POORE GHOST
 COMPLAINES

THE **TO BE THE AUTHOR** OF HER ILL UNWARES
AUTHOR THAT CARELESSE HEAR'ST MY INTOLLERABLE
 CARES

The author has signed the Dedication a number of times in the way shown in my pamphlet, "Francis Bacon's Cypher Signatures," as the reader can see for himself if he makes a table of the letters on the Dedication and then, starting with the F, the 1st letter on the 11th line, and going to the B, the 4th letter on the 14th line, and so on, taking letters which are 4 squares apart, which gives us **F B IS THE AUTHOR** in a chain in three different directions.

NOTES.

In the latter part of Bacon's life, the steward of his estates was William Tottel. He is also described as "A Six Clerk in Chancery." This William Tottel was the son of the famous Elizabethan printer, Richard Tottel, master of the Stationers' Company in 1579. He had a patent for the printing of law books, and also published *inter alia* the famous Tottel's *Miscellany*, or *Songes and Sonnets written by Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey*, and others (1557). He took as apprentice John Jaggard. When Tottel retired, Jaggard took over his shop at the Hand and Star in Fleet Street. William Tottel, in 1591, was acting as "dealer for his father," presumably in the capacity of liquidator, as Richard Tottel had retired. John Jaggard entered into partnership with his brother William, who published Bacon's *Essays* in 1597. John published the editions of 1612 and 1613. In 1618, Bacon interested himself in a petition which John Jaggard presented, partly on behalf of poor stationers of London, and partly on behalf of himself. It would not be surprising if William Tottel had persuaded Bacon to use his influence.

The Shakespeare Folio of 1623 was "printed by Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount." Isaac was the eldest son of William. We have thus a connection between the Tottels, the Jaggards, Bacon and Shakespeare. William Jaggard also published *The Passionate Pilgrime by W. Shakespeare*, 1599.

According to *The Evening News* of 7th September, "Dr. Giles E. Dawson, Reference Librarian of the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, says he has found the seventh authentic signature of Shakespeare on the title page of a book published in London in 1568. Up to the time of writing, no further news about the epoch-making discovery has been given. Possibly it did not turn out to be "authentic" after all. This is a pity, as no two of the so-called "signatures" are alike, and another variation would have added to our amusement.

There has been a good demand for Sir Kenneth Murchison's pamphlet, *Who Wrote the so-called Shakespeare Plays?* Many copies have been purchased by men and women in the Forces. Never has the Shakespeare authorship been so widely and eagerly discussed. Unfortunately, nearly every work on the subject is now out of print, and copies of a few books are only obtainable in the secondhand bookshops.

The blocks used for illustrations in *BACONIANA* are preserved, and may be used by members in any books or pamphlets they publish. The expense saved will be considerable.

Many readers must have noticed the borders of "vases," &c., placed around the pages reproduced in October BACONIANA from *The Great Assises holden in Parnassus*, where Bacon is placed as Chancellor of Parnassus. The irregularity of the different designs of "vases" used, and of the odd spacing with semi-colons, &c., point to a code concealing some message. It would be foolish to suggest that a shortage in the printers' type had anything to do with these curiously mixed ornaments. Mr. Harold Bayley, in *A New Light on the Renaissance* (Dent, 1909), gave many examples of peculiar irregularities in printers' "flowers" from books of the 17th and 18th centuries. Bars and stops are frequently interpolated. Mr. Bayley says, "Frankly, I do not believe these flower irregularities are due in any respect to errors, but that, on the contrary, they are indications of, and clues to, secret matter concealed in the text by various systems of cipher. In some cases "flowers" probably constitute a cipher in themselves." If such a device were used by enemy agents to convey messages in time of war the best brains would be set to work to unravel the hidden meaning. It is a pity that a little of the valuable experience of ciphers and codes obtained in time of war is not devoted to such considerations as these printers' "Flowers." Unhappily, very few people are willing to use their gifts except for pecuniary advantage.

The Times Literary Supplement of 22nd August contained a Review of *The Shakespeare Documents* (Facsimiles, Transliterations, Translations and Commentary), by B. Roland Lewis, 2 vols., Stanford University Press, California; London, Milford, £12. 12s. od.

At this price, we must rely upon the *Times* for our information. This is to the effect that facsimiles, which number about fifty, and other illustrations have been made with no stinting of care, time, skill and expense.

Such great trouble and expense seems as wasteful in production as the cost of purchasing the finished product. What purpose is served by the reproduction in full of the documents recording the Stratford tradesman's dealings in malt, money-lending, land and house-property? Do they, or the mean pursuit of defaulting petty debtors, add anything to our understanding of "Shakespeare?" The *Times* admits that the effect is "that the life of Shakespeare loses a great deal of the strong colour with which imagination had daubed it. It becomes a much more ordinary and commonplace life than had been supposed." Baconians have never been under any such delusions. They agree, with Emerson, that the life is unworthy of that respectability which is called "commonplace." The *Times* writes of "his middle-class ambition," but Shakspeare made an omission which no "ambitious" middle-class person of genius would make. He "neglected the glory of his own name," when there was no necessity on his part to do so, and the masterpieces which were

unpublished at his death were unmentioned even in his will. He made no provision for their survival.

Those who reverence these "commonplace" documents will be willing to part with twelve guineas for this handsome production. A donation to The Bacon Society will prove, in the end, a far greater contribution towards our knowledge concerning Shakespeare than the possession of these expensive volumes.

As an example of how the Shakespearean commentators are obstructing their own intelligence, and the minds of their students, we notice that Professor Henry N. Hudson, LL.D., in the Era Edition of *Timon of Athens*, says, with regard to the following passage in Act IV, Sc. 3, that "this language sounds strange to us, but was doubtless in accordance with the popular notions of the times":—

The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the Moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the Sun:
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The Moon into salt tears: the Earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
 From general excrement.

To keep the author of the Plays within the bounds of a provincial grammar-school education, he may be allowed "small Latin" but certainly no Greek. It would not be good policy, therefore, to give the true origin of these lines because they are to be found in *Anacreon*, Ode XIX, of which no English translation existed:

The laughing sun drinks up the sea,
 And when his mirthful course is run,
 The moon enraptured drinks the sun, &c.

Addison's Version.

The opening lines of *Troilus and Cressida* are also borrowed from the Greek of *Anacreon*:

Call here, my varlet; I'll unarm again;
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel battle here within?

In Ode XIV we have:

In vain have I a shield;
 Why should I war without,
 When the battle rages within?

The first English version of *Anacreon's* Odes was printed in 1651, thirty-five years after Shakspeare's death.

We have been anxiously waiting since June to hear more of an alleged portrait of Anne Hathaway. *The Evening News* of 5th June last contained the startling information that:

“A likeness of Shakespeare’s wife, Anne Hathaway, which, if authenticated, is her only known portrait, has turned up in a rare folio presented to Colgate University, U.S.A.”

We fail to see how it can be called “a likeness” when there is no other known portrait of Anne, and nobody has the slightest idea of her appearance. Presumably it has gone the way of most Shakespeare “discoveries” and proved to be “but the baseless fabric of a vision.”

Elsewhere, we publish a letter calling attention to certain paragraphs dealing with Shakespeare and Stratford in Arthur Mee’s *Warwickshire*. Ever since our Journal was first published, over fifty years ago, we have had to expose the same kind of silly sentimental twaddle in Shakespearean “biography.” There seems to be a conspiracy to mislead the public. If not, why is it that authors who are well-reputed and normally write truth, indulge in absurd romance, unsupported by a tittle of evidence, when they speak or write about Shakespeare? Is there not method in this madness? The German idea is that if you tell a lie often enough it will stick, at least for a time. It is a senseless notion, because truth is bound to prevail in the end, and the reaction is greater than if the facts had been boldly stated in the beginning. The same motive is behind the malicious libels against Bacon’s character, in spite of the complete vindication made by Spedding and other honest investigators into the charges which Macaulay and his followers levelled against him. The Bacon Society’s leaflet, *An Appeal for Justice*, should be studied in this connection.

Readers of BACONIANA are requested to forward any items of interest which they may encounter bearing upon the objects of the Society. When extracts from newspapers, periodicals or books are quoted, the author’s name and date of publication should be stated

Contributors are reminded that articles, &c., intended for BACONIANA should be submitted not later than six weeks in advance of the next issue.

R.L.E.

BOOK REVIEW

Shakespearian Acrostics. By EDWARD D. JOHNSON. (Cornish Bros., Birmingham, 5/-).

Mr. Johnson has again aroused the interest of students of Cipher by bringing to their notice another form of Bacon's Cryptic writing. In this recently published book is the result of much search in the First Folio, where he has discovered many curious Acrostics, in the formation of which Bacon utilized the continuous initial letters of the open text, which is not in any way affected thereby.

The Acrostics appear in several languages, viz., English, Latin, Greek, Italian, French, or Spanish, and the translation always refers to part of the open text.

The book is written with unusual clarity, and tabulated with much care, also each quotation is accompanied by the author's description as to how the acrostic was formed; this carries conviction to the reader and leaves no room for doubt as to Bacon's intention.

One example is here given which will bring to the reader a clearer impression than any description, of the form of these Acrostics:

CYTAT	C Y T A T	{	Call you me daughter? now I promise you You have shewed a tender fatherly regard, To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke, A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing lacke, That Thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.
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The first letters in these five lines spell CYTAT—Latin for "Call." This has reference to the word CALL, the first word in the 1st line.

The reason for these Acrostics is not known at present, and is a subject for the various opinions of the readers of the book. There is some definite reason, no doubt, and it may emerge when a large number of examples have been tabulated; 172 are shewn in this book, but there are very many others.

Mr. Edward D. Johnson will be pleased to forward a copy of this book, free of charge, to any readers who may wish to apply for it. H's address is: 36, Bennetts Hill, Birmingham.

P.W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Bolden Lodge,
Kent Road,
Harrogate.
29th October, 1942.

The Editor, BACONIANA.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Sir,

In July, 1942, BACONIANA, it is suggested in the "Notes" that Monstrelet was the only source from which Shakespeare could have obtained the story of the disgrace of Sir John Fastolfe in *Henry VI, Part I*.

Did not Holinshed, however, relate that Fastolfe left the field of Patay "without anie stroke stricken," and that in consequence the Duke of Bedford took from him the image of St. George and his Garter?

Hall, in his Chronicle, had already told of the latter circumstance, and possibly Holinshed copied from him, and he further stated, "though afterwards by means of friends, and apparent causes of good excuse, the same were to him again delivered, against the mind and hand of the Lord Talbot."

According to Anstis's *History of the Order of the Garter*, Falstolfe's name was never erased from the records, nor does he appear to have been absent from the meetings of the Chapter.

Yours faithfully,

R. J. A. BUNNETT.

London, E.C.3.

The Editor, BACONIANA.

ARTHUR MEE'S "WARWICKSHIRE."

Sir,

Although first published in 1936, I have only recently seen Arthur Mee's "Warwickshire," in "The King's England" series (Hodder & Stoughton).

The author is not noted for accuracy concerning Shakespeare, and told some pretty stories about him in the *Children's Encyclopaedia*, which he edited. But, though make-believe or "let's pretend," is entertaining to children, it is asking too much to expect the adult mind to be so easily carried away into the realms of fancy.

The publishers say that "nothing like these books has ever been presented to the English people." So far as the passages in this "Warwickshire" dealing with Shakespeare are concerned, I disagree. We have frequently encountered the same kind of guesswork and misstatement in many a Guide-book mentioning Stratford, and innumerable books and articles on the "Life of Shakespeare."

The towns and hamlets of Warwickshire are discussed in alphabetical order and, except for a paragraph of nonsense in the introduction, and the rash statement that Christopher Sly's Burtonheath is Barton-on-the-Heath, there is no occasion to introduce Shakespeare before we come to Stratford-on-Avon, on page 233, and here the rot sets in, for:

"Here is the place where he was born, the very room. Here is the school in which he learned to write, the very room and perhaps the very desk."

Is it possible to believe that Mr. Mee is so ignorant of his subject? It is no secret that there is a total lack of evidence that Shakspeare was born in the

so-called "Birthplace" or anywhere in Henley Street. The "Birthplace," as such, dates from 1760 without any pedigree, and is a totally different building from the mean little shop from which it sprang into its present imposing state. Furthermore, there is no record of Shakspeare having attended the school. Had he done so, the master or a pupil would have remembered the "myriad-minded" youth who had appeared in the little school of this practically illiterate town of some 1,800 inhabitants.

Mr. Mee begins "with that most famous cottage in which his eyes first opened to the world. The very window is there through which he saw the light, the very fireplace," &c. This is sheer bathos and clotted nonsense. Describing the contents of the "Birthplace," Mr. Mee writes, "There are the marks of signatures actually made by Shakespeare's father and mother, his daughters Judith and Susannah, his younger brother Gilbert, and his friend Ben Jonson." What is the interpretation intended to be put upon this? I feel sure anybody who had not made a study of the subject would conclude that the father, mother and the two daughters made their signatures, and were in this respect worthy to be coupled with Ben Jonson. Notice "marks of signatures" instead of "marks for signatures." It is as cunning a specimen of Shakespearean "biography" as I have ever encountered. I am afraid the reliance to be placed upon Mr. Mee, as a guide, is on a level with the exhibition he describes:

There is a sword and a ring *said to have* been Shakespeare's, the sign of the Falcon Tavern at Bidford which *he must* often have seen, and a carved chair in which he *might have* sat in the tavern. There are some oak carvings *he may have* seen on the walls of the Guild Chapel next door to the school."

This is typical of the pages which follow. The frequent repetitions of "may have" and "must have" become wearisome. I do not altogether agree that "it is one of the tragedies of Stratford that Shakespeare's house has gone. It must always be a calamity that there came to live in Shakespeare's house a sour-tempered old parson named Gastrell." He should have pointed out that the house which the Rev. Francis Gastrell pulled down was nothing like the original New Place, for it was rebuilt by Sir Hugh Clopton prior to 1751. There is an engraving of the house in Wheler's "History and Antiquities of Stratford-upon-Avon" (1806), showing it as Georgian style of architecture. The destruction of New Place has spared us more faked furniture and "relics," fire-places where he used to sit, and similar twaddle. Mr. Mee gives us plenty of it when we come to the section dealing with "Anne Hathaway's Cottage." Why is it that otherwise intelligent and honest persons lose all sense of reason and proportion when they approach the subject of Shakspeare's life? Truth, and the value of evidence, suddenly become of no account. Are these gentlemen afraid to admit the fact that we know nothing worth mentioning, and that what we do know is fatal to the Stratfordian case? If Mr. Mee had taken the trouble to indulge in a little research, he would have found out that there is no evidence that Shakspeare ever entered the cottage, or that Anne Hathaway lived in it, or even in Shottery. Farmer Hathaway's daughter was named Agnes, not Anne. When it was realised that to show visitors such a cottage would provide a further remunerative attraction, Ireland conveniently "discovered" it, and the first mention of it occurs in his "Picturesque Views of the Warwickshire Avon" in 1795. As Halliwell-Phillipps said, "There is unhappily no tradition indicating the birthplace of Shakspeare's Anne. . . . Anne Hathaway's cottage is one of those lamentable attempts that have been made to deceive the world in all that relates to the great dramatist."

Now, turn to Mr. Mee (page 237):

A mile away across the fields is a room which must appeal to a countless number as the most captivating of all the rooms in Shakespeare's town;

it is the room where he would sit by the fire with Anne Hathaway. . . . William would open a gate in this garden and out would come Anne Hathaway, through this very door, along these walks. It is perhaps the most intimate place that remains in Shakespeare's world, unspoiled and full of things he saw. . . . There is a table Shakespeare must have had his supper at, a wooden plate he may have eaten from, chairs he may have sat in, and, most wonderful of all, there is still by the great fireplace the old seat on which he would sit with Anne Hathaway in the happiest hours of his youth."

Such is the stuff and nonsense that Shakespearian "biographies" are constructed upon. Mr. Mee may be a very simple person, and consequently "taken in" by the yarn told to him when he visited the cottage, but I rather think that all this is intentional improvisation on an imaginary theme. As Abraham Lincoln said: "You cannot fool all the people all the time."

Yours faithfully,

PROSPERO.